

The Sketch

No. 792.—Vol. LXI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1908.

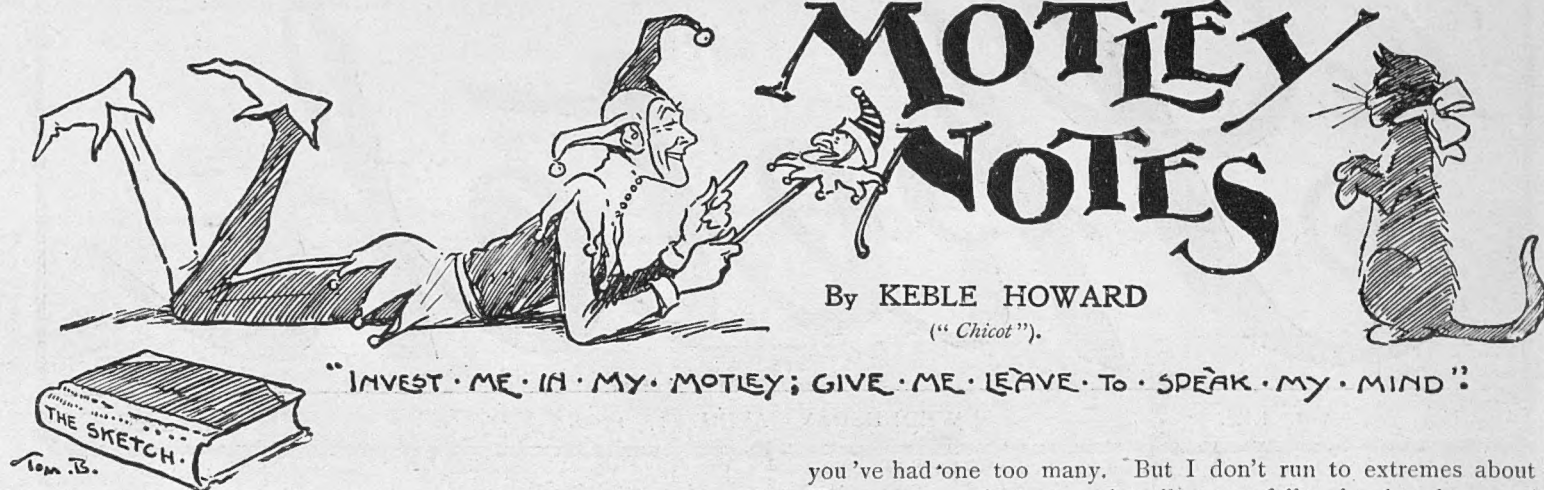
SIXPENCE.



A BASKETFUL OF GOODIES: MISS VALLI VALLI—AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT.

As our readers are aware, Miss Valli Valli is now playing in "Oh, Indeed!" at the Empire.

Photograph by Bassano.



Dame Nature on Worry.

I had been walking up and down for some time, trying to think my way out of a tangle. The tangle was not in my own life, but—infinitely more important—in the lives of certain fictitious characters in whom I am at present deeply interested.

"Well?" said a sharp voice, coming from somewhere near my elbow. "What's the matter now?"

It was old Dame Nature, of course. She was looking alarmingly quizzical. I resigned myself to a pretty bad time of it.

"Nothing's the matter," I told her. "I was only thinking about a story. How well you're looking!"

"Never mind about my looks," she retorted. "I caught you worrying, my friend. Don't dare to deny it!"

"Well, I shouldn't say that I was exactly——"

"Bosh! Your forehead was all in a wrinkly mess, and your shoulders were hunched, and you were biting your lip, and staring at the ground. When a man makes himself look such an idiot as that, he's always worrying. Ass! Worry's the severest penalty of what you choose to call civilisation. Some people will tell you that money's the root of all evil; others, drink; others, love. All wrong. It's worry."

Cousin Fortune.

"One's bound to worry occasionally," I reminded her gently.

"What?" She thrust a furious face within an inch of mine. "You contradict me, do you, Master Wiseacre? Listen to this: I've seen thousands and thousands of men and women go under through sheer fear of happenings that never happened after all. Consider for a moment. What do people worry about? Some worry about money—in fact, this is the most common source of worry. Why do they worry about money? Because they haven't got any? Oh, no, bless you! The utterly destitute don't worry. They are steeped in a beautiful apathy, which makes them sit down and wait until somebody comes along to look after them. The people who worry about money are those who are always anticipating the day when they won't have any. They think that the next bit of good-luck should turn up, not just when it's due, but long before it's due. They would like their strokes of good fortune to overlap, and they worry themselves into the grave because that doesn't happen to be Fortune's way. Did you ever meet Fortune?"

"On rare occasions I've had the privilege of touching the hem of her garment."

"She's all right. Cousin of mine. A captious, freakish girl, perhaps; but good-hearted when you get to know her."

Fussy Faddles Punished.

"Other people," continued the Dame, puffing her cigarette with tremendous enjoyment, "worry about their health. I suppose the fear of being ill makes more people ill than anything else in the world. Banish worry, and the doctors would starve."

"Are you, perhaps, a Christian Scientist?"

"You're trying to be clever, young man. Don't protest; lies bore me. I'm not a Christian Scientist; if anything, you might describe me as a Heathen Empiricist. But that's nothing to do with the subject in hand. Christian Science is merely at the other end of the stick to worry, and, in my opinion, the saner end. Good heavens! anyone might think that I neglected my job, the precaution some folks take over their food, their drink, their climate, their clothing, and all the rest of it. What on earth's the good of my being on hand the whole blessed time to warn 'em? Why, I count your drinks every night, and tell you in the morning if

you've had 'one too many. But I don't run to extremes about it. Upon my word, you can't tell some folks they've been rather self-indulgent or rather good-natured without their jumping to the conclusion that they're going to die. Fussy old faddles! I always give it 'em worse when they take to teaspoons."

Sympathy Run to Seed.

"May I speak one word?"

The old lady grinned. "We don't want any swank about your modesty, you know. You'll speak right enough, if you've got anything to say. And very likely," she added pleasantly, "if you haven't."

"But I have, as it happens. Up to this point you have merely touched on personal worries. Doesn't it occur to you that many people are constantly worrying over the troubles and misfortunes of others? How can a man help worrying when he is compelled to stand by and——"

"See those whom he loves suffer." I know the old tag. Does that sound unsympathetic? If it does, I'm sorry." She caught my hand in her bony old fingers and gave it a little squeeze. "The point is quite a fair one. Tag or no tag, we all know that this is happening all the time, and it's pretty hard to bear. But it's got to be borne; that's the thing to remember. There's a dividing line between sympathy and worry, you know. Sympathy is loving understanding, and the expression of it helps a lot. Worry is sympathy run to seed—and that doesn't help in the least. One of your clever dead ones said something about evil being merely an exaggeration of good. There's no particular sense in that, but it shows you the difference between sympathy and worry."

The Farce of Worry.

"Then," said Dame Nature, "smiling rather cunningly as she took another cigarette, "there's Love, of course. We mustn't forget that. It's a favourite subject with you, isn't it?"

"As one," I replied with some hauteur, "whose Art embraces every phase of human emotion——"

"Chuck it!" cried the old lady, threatening me with the dictionary. "You talk like a pasty-faced, long-haired amateur, whose breast, poor dear, is seething with all the beautiful things that he doesn't know how to express."

"Thanks. Seriously, though, you must admit that love is a very disturbing element, and makes many people worry. There are those who have even been worried to death by love. Think of poor Romeo and Juliet."

"I'm surprised," said the Dame quietly, "that you should wish to associate the most beautiful emotion that a human being is capable of experiencing with a niggling form of mental irritation. Romeo and Juliet didn't worry. The youth made a mistake—trust a man for that!—and jumped over the cliff because he thought there was no more path. Juliet jumped after him because the path didn't interest her unless Romeo was on it. Tragedy isn't worry, and worry isn't tragedy. Worry's farce."

The Worries of Women.

"Just think," cried the old lady gaily, "of the things that women will worry about—really worry about! One woman will worry because the dining-room carpet is getting shabby, and she'll worry her husband until he lets her buy a new one. Why? For fear of her friends. Another woman will worry because she is too stout, and the more she worries, the stouter she gets. It's quite a mistake, by the way, to think that stout people don't worry. They're always at it, and the consequence is that every mortal thing they take, governed by the brain, runs to flesh. I'll tell you more about that, and kindred subjects, another day. In the meantime, congratulations on your change of mood. 'Bye!"

29 TO 33: THE SIXTY-FOURTH OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

O. A. Carver (Charterhouse and First Trinity; 3). G. E. Fairbairn (Eton and Jesus; 2). F. H. Jerwood (Oakham and Jesus; bow). G. L. Thomson (Trinity Hall; spare man).



E. G. Williams (Eton and Third Trinity; 6). S. D. Muttiebury (Coach). F. J. Escombe (Coach). J. S. Burn (Harrow and First Trinity; 5). H. E. Kitching (Uppingham and Trinity Hall; 4). D. C. R. Stuart (Cheltenham and Trinity Hall; stroke). E. W. Powell (Eton and Third Trinity; 7). R. Boyle (Bradfield and Trinity Hall; cox.).

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

Hon. R. Stanhope (Eton and Magdalen; bow). A. E. Kitchin (Tonbridge and St. John's; 4). C. R. Cudmore (Adelaide and Magdalen; 2).



A. McCulloch (Winchester and University; 6). A. C. Gladstone (Eton and Christ Church; stroke). A. G. Kirby (Eton and Magdalen; 5). E. H. L. Southwell (Eton and Magdalen; 3). H. R. Barker (Eton and Christ Church; 7). A. W. Donkin (Eton and Magdalen; cox.).

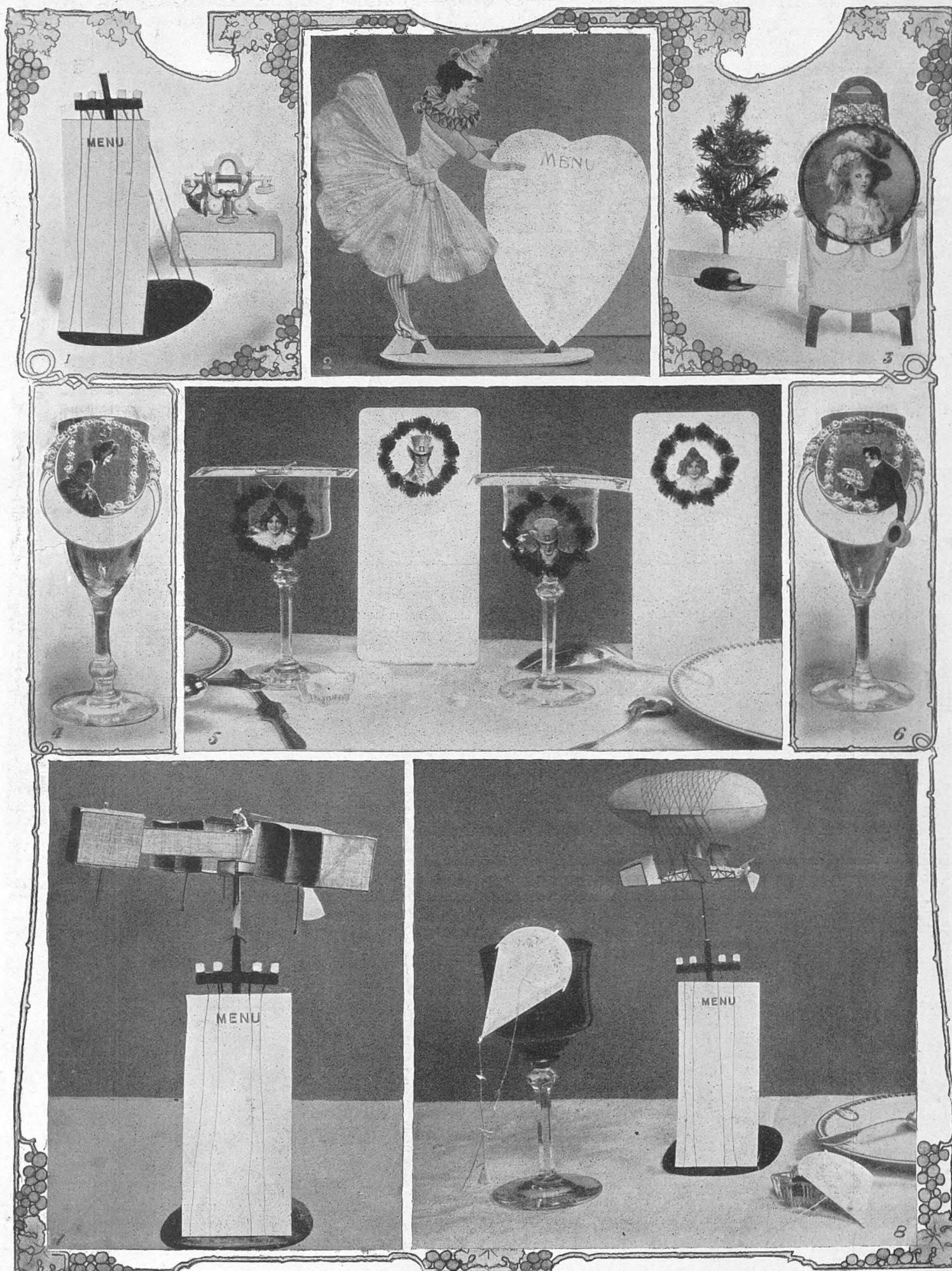
THE OXFORD CREW.

THE CREWS WHO ARE TO COMPETE ON SATURDAY NEXT.

Next Saturday's contest between Oxford and Cambridge will be the sixty-fourth of its kind. Oxford have won the race 33 times; Cambridge, 29 times. In 1877 there was a dead-heat. There was no race in 1837, 1838, 1843, 1844, 1847, or 1848.

Photograph of the Cambridge Crew by Stearn; of the Oxford Crew by Hills and Saunders.

FACE MR. METROPOLIS UPTON SINCLAIR: FREAK MENUS
AND NAME-CARDS THAT DO NOT INDICATE FREAK DINNERS.



1. THE TELEPHONE MENU AND NAME-CARD.
2. THE PIERRETTE MENU.
3. A CHRISTMAS-TREE NAME-CARD, AND A GAINSBOROUGH MENU.
4. THE BLUSHING DAMSEL NAME-CARD.
5. THE GOOD OLD TIMES NAME-CARDS AND MENUS.
6. THE ARDENT LOVER NAME-CARD.
7. THE AEROPLANE MENU.
8. THE KITE NAME-CARD, AND THE DIRIGIBLE-BALLOON MENU.

Having read Mr. Upton Sinclair's new novel, "The Metropolis," with its accounts and condemnations of freak dinners, we feel it advisable to point out that, although the menus and name-cards illustrated are freakish, they are not appurtenances of freak dinners. Further, we may mention that they come to us by way of Germany, not New York.

CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH AS. A, DANCE;

WITH MENDELSSOHN'S "SPRING-SONG" BY WAY OF CONTRAST.



MISS MAUD ALLAN DANCING MENDELSSOHN'S "SPRING-SONG."

MISS MAUD ALLAN DANCING CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH.

Nothing shows Miss Maud Allan's versatility better than the fact that in her programme of dances are included Chopin's Funeral March and Mendelssohn's "Frühlingslied."

In the one case Miss Allan is the embodiment of sorrow; in the other, of joy.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
On SATURDAY NEXT, April 4 (and Every Evening), will be produced
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

EDWARD ARNOLD.
The Metropolis. Upton Sinclair. 6s.
EVELEIGH NASH.
The Worst Man in the World. Frank Richardson. 6s.
The Millionaire Girl. Rita. 6s.
The Thief on the Cross. Mrs. Harold Gorst. 6s.
Beau Brummell and his Times. Roger Boutet de Monvel. 70s. net.
The Kiss of Helen. Charles Marriott. 6s.
The Dean and His Daughter. F. C. Philips. 6s.
CHATTO AND WINDUS.
The Marquis and Pamela. Edward H. Cooper. 6s.
His Final Flutter. Henry Potts. 6s.
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The Trance. Rachel Swete Macnamara. 6s.
Clanrae. Pentland Peile. 6s.
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A Prophet's Reward. E. H. Strain. 6s.
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JOHN MILNE.
The Gentle Thespians. R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s.
I Little Knew. May Crommelin. 6s.
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Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 1s. net.
Windsor Castle. Harrison Ainsworth. 2s. net.
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The Alien Sisters. Mabel Dearmer. 6s.
VICKERS.
Vickers' Newspaper Gazetteer, 1908. 2s. 6d.
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The Philosophy of Making Love. Harold Gorst. 5s. net.
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Mac—His Book: The Story of a Scotch Terrier. Florence Leigh. 2s. 6d. net.
HEINEMANN.
Warren Hastings. Frederick the Great. Lord Clive. Macaulay. 6d. each net.
The Ring. Beryl Tucker. 6s.

SIEGLE HILL.
Murillo. A. F. Calvert. 2s. 6d. net.
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Memoirs of a Lady Dentist. Khush-Amed. 6s.
Mirth in Heaven. Mary Moore. 6s.
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Irony of Marriage. Basil Tozer. 1s. net.
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Pearl of Pearl Island. John Oxenham. 6s.
The Rugged Path. Charles Garvice. 6s.
Tables of Stone. Harold Begbie. 6s.
Speaking Rather Seriously. W. Pett Ridge. 2s. 6d.
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The Primadonna. F. Marion Crawford. 6s.
METHUEN.
The Duke's Motto. Justin Huntly McCarthy. 6s.
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The Human Boy Again. Eden Phillpotts. 6s.
HUTCHINSON.
An Amateur Adventuress. Frankfort Moore. 6s.
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Three Miss Graemes. Miss Macnaughtan. 6s.
T. FISHER UNWIN.
Paradise Court. J. S. Fletcher. 6s.
BROWN, LANGHAM.
Faith Unfaithful. Fred E. Wynne. 6s.
GRANT RICHARDS.
Roses and Rue. Horace Wyndham. 6s.
A Comedy of Mammon. Ina Garvey. 6s.
ELLIOT STOCK.
Shakespearean Representation. Percy Fitzgerald. 6s. net.
WOHLSTRÖM AND WIDSTRAND.
Picturesque Sweden. No. 37.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



A FAMOUS HUNTER OF BIG GAME:
LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.

possessor of a great deal of splendid lace.

The Kaiser's Homes and Castles. Had Kaiser William made his journey to Corfu half-a-dozen years ago there would have been a cry in the Social Democratic Press of "Told you so." The Socialists really believed that, inspired by fear of an insurrection, he was secretly preparing a fortress on an island for the security of himself and family. Two of them, Karl Leid and Julius Kaliski, Berlin editors, made bold to say so, with the inevitable prosecution for *lèse-majesté* as the result. If he needed a retreat the German Emperor would not have far to seek. He possesses already fifty-three castles, in addition to eighty-three farms, some of which would make by no means insecure fortresses were it necessary to turn them to such a purpose. But the eternal activity of the Kaiser when on holiday would preclude the thought of his trip being regarded as a retreat. Now is the time for some of his famous messages. It is in writing or wiring that he makes his memorable phrases. "By an unfathomable order of God, Moltke is dead. I have lost an army which I shall never be able to replace," was one of his flights, called forth by the demise of the veteran of fourscore and twelve.

A New Engagement. The late Lord Dufferin was for many years the most popular man in Society, and something of his wonderful charm of manner has descended to each of his sons. Society is therefore much interested in the engagement of Lord Frederick Blackwood, D.S.O., and Miss Brenda Wodehouse. Lord Frederick, who is the younger of the present Peer's two bachelor brothers, did really brilliantly well in the South African War, for he was twice mentioned in despatches and was severely wounded. His pretty, picturesque-looking bride-elect is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert

Wodehouse. The marriage is to take place in June, and it is probable that the best man will be that most beguiling of amateur caricaturists, Lord Basil Blackwood.

Lady Exeter. Lady Exeter, who is one of the country hostesses of the moment—for she and Lord Exeter have been entertaining a number of their friends in honour of the Belvoir Hunt Steeplechases at Ingoldsby—is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Bolton. Her marriage to the young Marquess, who is descended from Tennyson's famous hero, was one of the noted matrimonial events of 1901. Lady Exeter is one of

the most musical of peeresses; she plays and sings exceedingly well, and, unlike most musicians, she is also devoted to sport, and is a fine horsewoman. Great were the rejoicings in "Stamford Town" on the birth of a son and heir to the popular owners of Burghley House. This important little boy was three years old last February; his sister, who is two years older, bears the old-world name of Letitia.

The Evil Eye at Drury Lane. If he never did before, Mr. Arthur Collins will this week have blessed the fate which placed him for a while in the office of his father, an architect. The experience, always valuable to him, must be doubly so now that the ravages of fire have to be repaired. He has had little mishaps at the theatre before, notably once when the hydraulic lifts by which the stage is raised or lowered stuck, and he had to refund their money to the 5000 people who were waiting in the auditorium. But he takes a common-sense view of things. His old chief, Sir Augustus Harris, used to attribute all ill-luck to somebody or other's Evil Eye. He long suspected a baritone of this malignant orb, and one night, when his prima-donna fell and his own chair collapsed, he could bear it no longer. "Go," he said to Mr. Collins, "go, my dear chap, and give that man a month's salary in advance, and make it a condition of his getting it that he never again shows his face in the theatre." The man was paid off and was never heard of more.



A COUNTRY HOSTESS OF THE MOMENT:
LADY EXETER.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.



MISS SUSAN KNOX.



MISS BLANCHE LILYWHITE.

THE LADY LAW CLERKS WHOSE APPEARANCE IN THE LAW COURTS AROUSED MUCH INTEREST THE OTHER DAY.

The lady law clerks whose portraits we give caused much interest a few days ago when they appeared in Mr. Justice Neville's Court in their professional capacity. They are employees of Mr. R. Ballard, who states that women are far more businesslike than men, and more reliable. Miss Lilywhite is Mr. Ballard's managing clerk; Miss Knox is her assistant.



ENGAGED TO LORD DUFFERIN'S YOUNGER BROTHER: MISS BRENDA WODEHOUSE, WHO IS TO MARRY LORD FREDERICK BLACKWOOD, D.S.O.

Photograph by Beresford.

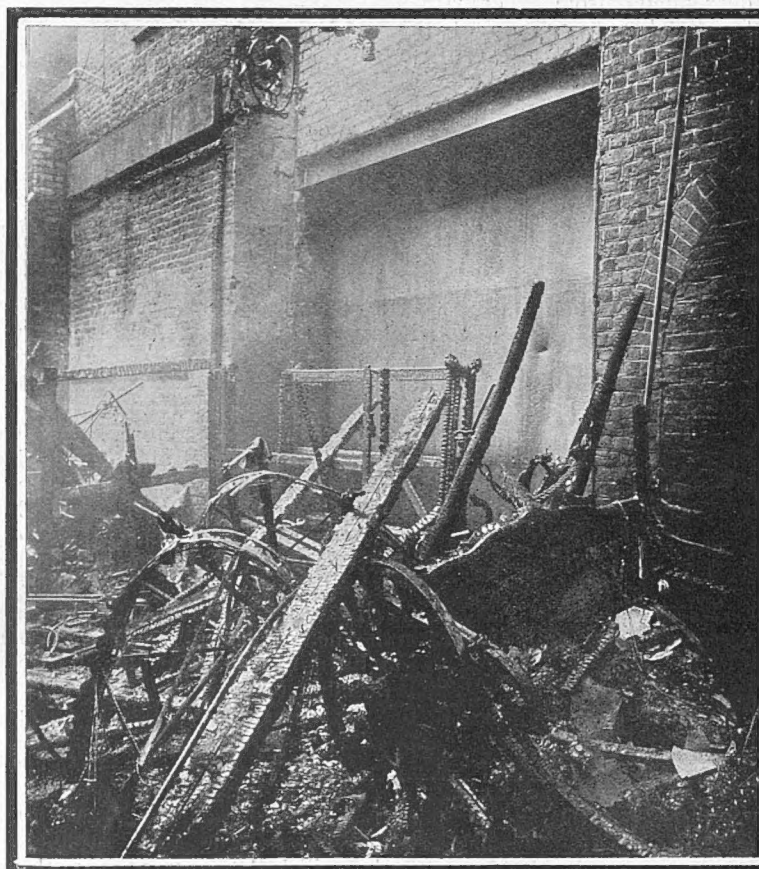
Lady St. Leonards. Lady St. Leonards, who has just lost her husband, is remarkably youthful-looking for her new status as a dowager; she is *petite* and active, with fair hair and a passion for croquet and boating. These sports she indulges at her pretty cottage at Windsor, where she has such pleasant neighbours as Winifred Lady Arran, and Lord and Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill. The new peer, a youth of eighteen, is her nephew.



THE "INDÉPENDANTS"—THE CONCOURS HIPPIQUE—ZOLA AND MARSHAL LANNES.

I AM spending the week in Paris, going the round of the theatres and restaurants, laughing at some of the pictures in the exhibition of the "Indépendants," and watching the jumping at the Concours Hippique. The Indépendants are to be deprived of their home, for the big glass houses erected at the time of the last International Exhibition are to be pulled down, and the palings round them are plastered with notices that contracts are to be sent in for doing this work. The artists, on their part, have put up big notices on either side of the entrance, calling on the public to protest against the "serres" being pulled down, and asking pathetically where they are to hold their exhibitions when the houses are destroyed. The

guard the great troops of cattle in Andalusia are superb horsemen, and I have seen fine individual acts of horsemanship done by the blue-and-silver Lancers at Seville, though in mass they seem very slouchy. The French in the south breed good horsemen, just as they breed good sailors in the north. The French cavalry officers—thanks to very patient individual training, excellent schools, and continual riding across country in the "paper-chases," which form an important part of garrison life—are very good riders, their average horsemanship being at least as good as that of our cavalry officers. They do not produce quite such brilliant riders as our best military cross-country jockeys, but their second-best men are quite as good as ours.



THE SECOND FIREPROOF CURTAIN AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, SHOWING BURNT PROPERTIES IN THE FOREGROUND.



THE FIREPROOF CURTAIN THAT SAVED THE AUDITORIUM OF DRURY LANE THEATRE: THE WRECKED STAGE OF THE NATIONAL PLAYHOUSE.

SAVED BY FIREPROOF CURTAINS: THE FIRE AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The fire at Drury Lane was not as serious as was at first stated, but it gains especial interest from the proof it afforded of the value of the fireproof curtain. This curtain was down at the time of the outbreak, and it cut off the auditorium from the stage so effectively that damage by fire was practically confined to the stage. At the back of the stage was yet another fireproof curtain, and this also was almost undamaged. A rough estimate places the loss sustained at £50,000. The revival of "The Sins of Society," which was to have taken place on the eighteenth of this month, has, of course, been abandoned, but it is confidently expected that the theatre will be in readiness for the autumn drama.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

buildings are in the last stage of shabbiness, the ironwork not having been repainted since the time of its erection, and the glass having never been cleaned.

The Indépendants know that as many people come to their shows to see the weird eccentricities which some of their members perpetrate as to see the good work, of which there is much, and they dot about the building groups of monstrosities in colour, being aware that the rooms in which they are will always be the most crowded. There are some Scriptural subjects which might have been drawn by the slave who outlined contemporary caricatures of the Christians on the walls of the palace of the Cæsars in Rome; there are green, naked ladies, and red and yellow water, and young men with emerald hair, and a lady gnawing her leg and feeding pet snakes with the blood that drips from it, and many other quite delightful pictures of this kind. The heartiest laugh in Paris is to be obtained in this exhibition.

There are very few Englishmen who still hold the good old insular belief that Frenchmen cannot ride well. Even the comic papers no longer publish caricatures of the Gaul trying to catch a fox in the Shires. Where men have to herd cattle on great plains, and have to do this work mounted, the best ready-made cavalry troopers are found. The Spaniards who

Their infantry officers are not, as a rule, good riders, looking on their very mild-mannered chargers simply as conveyances.

The Frenchmen see nothing to smile at in the Duc de Montebello's request to be allowed to remove the ashes of his grandfather, Marshal Lannes, from the Panthéon because he disapproves of the burial of Zola, the author of "La Débâcle," in the church where his ancestor lies. The Duke says that his grandfather was the soul of military honour, and that Zola vilified the army in his great novel concerning the Franco-German War. If the descendants of all the great men buried in national resting-places of heroes can dig up and remove the coffins of their forefathers whenever it is sought to inter near them any celebrated man of whose opinions during life they, the descendants of the other man, disapprove, what a transference of dry bones might go on. It is a form of political warfare which will not commend itself to the British side of the Channel.

Zola's representatives might claim to be consulted as to whether there are any gentlemen resting in the Panthéon to whose company the author of the "J'accuse" letter might object. Dead men have been taken out of the national church before now as not being good enough company to lie side by side with French heroes. Marat and another leader of the Revolution were expelled after death from the great church.

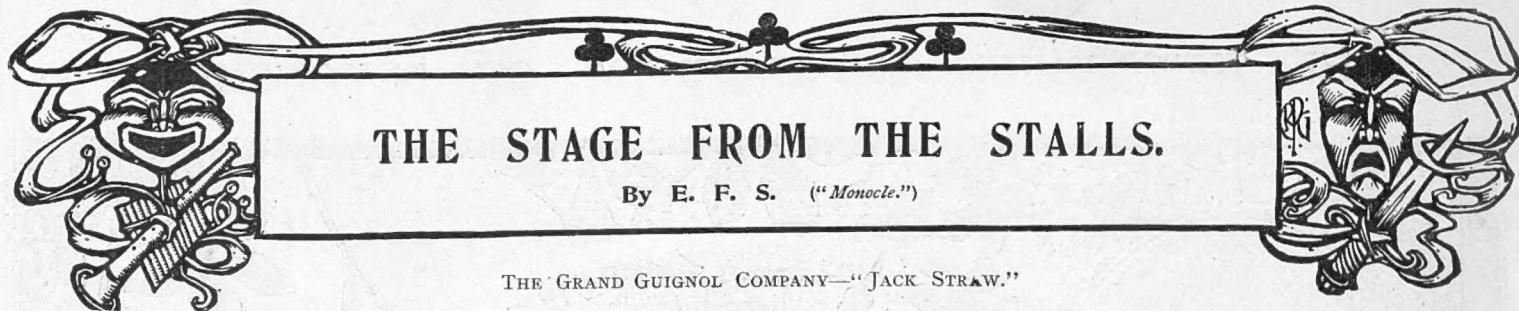
THE NEW DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.



THE RT. HON. VICTOR CHRISTIAN WILLIAM CAVENDISH, 9TH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,
AND THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The 8th Duke of Devonshire dying without issue, the dukedom has passed to his nephew, the Rt. Hon. Victor Christian William Cavendish, P.C. The new Duke was born in May 1868, son of the late Lord Edward Cavendish, third son of the 7th Duke, was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and has been Treasurer of Queen Victoria's Household and of King Edward VII.'s Household, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and M.P. for the Western Division of Derbyshire since 1891. The new Duchess was Lady Evelyn Emily Mary Fitzmaurice, daughter of the Marquess of Lansdowne. Their Graces have a family of six—two sons and four daughters.

Photograph of the Duke by Bassano; of the Duchess by Kate Pragnell.



By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE GRAND GUIGNOL COMPANY—"JACK STRAW."

THE Grand Guignol Theatre Company was rather overpuffed in advance. The paragraphists had been telling us by the column that it was going to make our flesh creep, and we heard of ladies fainting and having hysterical fits of horror in the little Parisian playhouse. Very few of the people at the Shaftesbury turned a hair. It has been explained that the difference in size between the two theatres was the determining element. No doubt it had something to do with the disappointment. By-the-bye, it seems strange that the experiment of running a tiny theatre at very heavy prices for seats has not been tried over here: it seems likely that there is enough snobbishness to make such a venture pay, even if our rich people as a class have hardly the artistic curiosity on which such institutions exist abroad. It must be

remembered that we had already enjoyed rather a deluge of the simply horrible, thanks to the Sicilian Players, who had the advantage of possessing two performers of quite a different calibre from any in the French company. I fancy that "Les Nuits du Hampton-Club," with Grasso as the inquisitive journalist whose ardour cost him his life, would have caused us to shudder plentifully; and as it was, thanks to M. Bussy—quite the pick of the company—on the first night we had some agreeable shudders. The weak spot in this piece was the under-development of the ideas that were just suggested and then dropped. Perhaps the fault was rather with us, and that the French are so much quicker to respond that, when the man in the darkness who was waiting, expecting to be murdered, fancied that he had got into another room, all the French playgoers felt sympathetically with him his terrors at the thought of the perilous traps possibly in it, and understood the more easily because Poe's tales are popular in Paris, and the one of "The Pit and the Pendulum" is well known.



ORLANDO TO MISS LILY BRAYTON'S ROSALIND: MR. VERNON STEEL IN "AS YOU LIKE IT" ON TOUR.

It will be remembered that Mr. Henry Ainley was the Orlando of Mr. Oscar Asche's and Miss Lily Brayton's production of "As You Like It" when it was seen recently at His Majesty's.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

ous traps possibly in it, and understood the more easily because Poe's tales are popular in Paris, and the one of "The Pit and the Pendulum" is well known.

Certainly "Le Rouge est Mis" preached, by means of grim comedy, a strong lesson about the demoralising effect of gambling; but the tale concerning the dead jockey and his desertion by his friends, and even mistress, all anxious to put "a bit on a cert.," had no real movement in it. "Un Peu de Musique" was quite funny, and well enough acted; for once, however, we had the satisfaction of feeling that London had beaten Paris, and that "The Van Dyck," though dragged out to intolerable length at His Majesty's, was essentially funnier and more plausible than the original, and that the performance by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Weedon Grossmith was cleverer than that of the French players. "L'Angoisse" was merely a stage version of the kind of ghost-story that used to thrill young people when Mrs. Crowe's tales were in vogue. I imagine that those simple efforts at the purely objective ghost-story must have been supplanted. Very little skill was shown in piling up the agony, and I was more thrilled by a newspaper account that I read of the play than by the piece itself. However,

by now the company has dived further into its repertoire, and may have found works of a more nerve-shattering character.

Mr. Somerset Maugham seems to have made up his mind to use his gifts lightly—and lucratively—and abandon the serious work which caused some critics to hail him as one of the coming dramatists. "Jack Straw," his new play presented at the Vaudeville, is a brightly written, amusing farce, containing nothing to indicate its authorship or that the writer has ever been guilty of a comedy of real life: it might have come from the pen of any of the deft old hands; none the less diverting, of course, and all the more likely to succeed. Yet perhaps there is one element in it that betrays the hand of Mr. Maugham. I refer to the timid handling of the bit of sentiment stuck in to sweeten the satirical farce. There is a kind of shame-faced air about the love-making which seems to suggest a sort of apology for taking up such purely conventional work.

You may ask—why "Jack Straw"? and although I heard every word of the play, I cannot tell you why the young Archduke of Pomerania should have chosen to use the name when wandering about incognito. However, nothing turns upon the name, not even one of the jokes upon the name of a character that are rarely pardonable. A humorous fellow Jack—otherwise the Archduke—as presented by the ever-young Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who, at the first, wore a beard which horrified his worshippers. Perhaps there was more Hawtrey than character in his performance—he would barely have passed as a waiter or as a foreign Archduke; but one cannot blame him for not trying to adopt a foreign accent, which, of course, would have handicapped him

severely and yet added little to the humour of his performance if successful. His ease and quiet swagger in the house of the ineffable Jennings family, even when they thought he was an impostor and he had no means of proving himself to be a real Archduke, were very funny. The honours were shared by Miss Lottie Venne, whose vigorous acting as the newly rich, snobbish Mrs. Jennings delighted the audience. It is a long time since she has had a part suiting her so well; she rose to the occasion, and caused roars of laughter by her snobbisms and vulgarities. The tame husband and bumptious son were amusingly represented by Mr. R. Whyte and Mr. Goodyer. Miss Dagmar Wiehe was charming in the part of the amiable, pretty daughter, but it must be hinted that the young actress is not making much progress in the important matter of technique. Mr. Goodrich played the character of a good-natured, simple young Marquess quite ably—I suspect that at one time the young Marquess was intended by Mr. Maugham to marry the pretty Miss Jennings, but that afterwards the scheme was altered, in obedience to tradition: the change does some violence to the entertaining farce.



THE MUSICAL VERSION OF "THE PALACE OF PUCK": MISS ADA REEVE, WHO IS TO PLAY THE LEAD IN "BUTTERFLIES."

Mr. W. J. Locke, the well-known dramatist and novelist, has based a musical play on his "Palace of Puck," seen some time ago at the Haymarket. The piece, which is to be called "Butterflies," is to be produced at the Apollo early in May. Included in the cast are Miss Ada Reeve, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Louis Bradfield, Mr. John Bardsley, and Mr. Willie Warde.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

"ROMEO AND JULIET," AT THE LYCEUM.



1. Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

2. Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.

In the first photograph are Miss Nora Kerin as Juliet and Mr. Matheson Lang as Romeo; in the second photograph (from left to right) are Mr. Halliwell Hobbes as Tybalt, Mr. Matheson Lang as Romeo, Mr. Lauderdale Maitland as Benvolio, and Mr. Eric Mayne as Mercutio.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"QUI PERD GAGNE."

By Pierre Veber; from the novel of Alfred Capus.

Théâtre Réjane.

René Farjolle and his friend Vélard passed a dressmaker's shop one afternoon and smiled at the dressmaker. That was the prologue. In the first act—to avoid confusion, "act" should be spelled with a large "A"—in the first Act, then, Farjolle's address is *chez* Emma, and Emma has sold the goodwill of the dressmaker's shop. For Farjolle is that sort of young man. He is not a bad fellow really, but he takes life easily, and anything that finds its way into his pocket is welcome, no matter where it comes from. This is made clear to us when Emma pays Farjolle's tailor, and when, although he knows that his friend Vélard is rather busily employed round Emma, Farjolle makes up his mind to let him help him on in life.

Vélard is young, but smart, and when he has told Emma what a dear she is, and she has replied that she's forty, and that Vélard's age of twenty-five is not a man's age, but the age of a woman, he kisses her under the left ear and brings down the curtain.

Vélard has fought a duel. He is very slightly wounded, but Farjolle has married Emma. It is, of course, entirely your own affair if you find any connection between these two facts. Vélard, cunning dog, who has secured a job for Farjolle on his own paper, *L'Informé*, gets him sent off to London for a big advertisement; and Emma, out of the kindness of her heart and a taxicab, is seen ringing Vélard's door-bell. This comes to the ears of Verugna, the owner of *L'Informé*. Verugna is a cynic, like most newspaper proprie—but I suppose I mustn't say that. Verugna is a cynic, and suggests to Farjolle that he had better get rid of Emma. "I can't do that," Farjolle remarks, "because I've married her." "And why did you not tell me?" Verugna says. "Because we should have felt ashamed of it in the circle in which we move," is Farjolle's answer.

While Farjolle is in London Emma, as I have said, spends a good deal of time holding Vélard's wounded hand, and so on. One day, after holding his hand longer than usual, she goes into the bed-room to powder her nose, and the bell rings. "I won't see anybody," says Vélard. "But the gentleman insists," replies the *bonne*. And the gentleman *does* insist, and comes in and sits down, and asks Vélard to give him free seats for the theatre, and behaves altogether in quite a friendly manner. Then, when Emma has looked in to fetch her corsage, which she had carelessly left on the back of an armchair in the sitting-room, the friendly visitor (a café acquaintance of Vélard's) tells him that, much to his regret, he is a magistrate, and that he is present in an official capacity to prove Emma's presence in Vélard's

rooms and a suspicious state of dress. And Farjolle is downstairs in an aggrieved state and a cab.

Now this, in the ordinary course of things, would mean divorce, unless Emma had succeeded in persuading Farjolle that it really didn't matter. By this time we are getting used to Farjolle. So we are not surprised when, in the third act, we find him at the head of a financial paper (bought with Vélard's money) in a beautifully furnished flat, and pretty considerable danger of arrest on several charges of fraud. As Verugna says to him, he is becoming a personage, for people are already taking away his character. A message comes from the Courts for Farjolle. It is rather a peremptory message, but, as Verugna puts it, Farjolle is not really arrested. People don't get arrested nowadays. They go out of town, and if they command a certain amount of influence, they are told after a month's detention that the financial operation in which they took part was not forbidden by law, but that they had better not do it again. Well then, Farjolle and the magistrate arranged that—er—that Farjolle should not return home to lunch. And Verugna being a newspaper—eh?—oh, being a smart man of business, makes hay while the sun shines, and pretty active love to Emma.

Emma has scruples and Verugna has lots of money. So they make an exchange. History does not say what Verugna did with the scruples, but I expect he passed them on to one of his leader-writers. A few weeks later, in the fourth and last act, Farjolle, who has returned from—from his little luncheon party—is in the country with Emma. They have gone for a breath of fresh air to look over a pretty little farmhouse which, if the law of their country had not interfered, would have been bought out of the satisfactory results of a bogus company or two. "I think we might buy it," says Emma. "Now don't play the fool," says Farjolle. "I am not," says Emma, hiding a blush with the corner of a very small handkerchief, and spelling out René's name on the gravel with her patent-leather toe. "What are we going to buy it with?" says

René Farjolle. "You see," says Emma bashfully, "Verugna has always had a high opinion of you, René. And one day while you were in—while you were away—he called to fetch his umbrella, which he had left some time before, and told me how much he liked you. He said he thought you might like to have a trifling souvenir of him, and as he hates shopping, he left you this to buy a few cigars with." As "this" was a cheque for £8000, Farjolle had a few remarks to make about it. But Emma told him not to be a goose and—well, they bought the farm. You could cut the immoral atmosphere of this play with a knife. And you wouldn't need a very sharp knife either.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



Mlle. JEANNE BERNOU.

Mlle. BARCKLAY.

Mlle. MARTHE DE DEKEN.

LEADING LADIES OF THE GRAND GUIGNOL COMPANY, NOW APPEARING AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Photographs by Felix, Royer, and the Studio-Lux.

THE TU-TU WORN BY A DANCER BEFORE PHARAOH:
THE BALLET-SKIRT OF TO-DAY IN ANCIENT EGYPT.



1. MMES. KARALLI AND FEDOROVA, AND M. KOSOLOFF.

3. MMES. KARALLI AND FEDOROVA, AND M. KOSOLOFF.

2. MMES. FEDOROVA AND KARALLI (SLEEPING).

4. MLE. PAVLOWA, WEARING THE CONVENTIONAL TU-TU, AND M. MORDKIN.

A REMARKABLE ANACHRONISM IN A PLAY THAT TOOK MOSCOW BY STORM
SCENES FROM "PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER."

"Pharaoh's Daughter," which was produced recently in Moscow with much success, presented at least one startling anachronism: while all the other characters were in the costume of the period of the play, the première danseuse wore the tu-tu, the conventional ballet-skirt of modern days. In this garb she danced before Pharaoh.



WIFE OF THE ASSISTANT RESIDENT
OF NORTHERN NIGERIA:
MRS. STANDISH H. P. VEREKER.
Photograph by the Corway Gallery.

smallest shops, and local industries enjoy a generous measure of the royal patronage.

Last Week's Smart Wedding.

Last Wednesday (March 25) Kensington High Street was *en fête* for the marriage of Miss Eleanor Bott and Mr. Standish H. P. Vereker, the Assistant Resident of Northern Nigeria. The ceremony took place at St. Mary Abbot's, and the reception at Kensington Town Hall, which was most beautifully decorated with flowers sent from Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's gardens at Gunnersbury. The bridegroom is a grandson of the fourth Lord Gort, and his cousin, the present Viscount, acted as his best man.

The New Duke of Devonshire.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* once published an amusing caricature of Mr. Victor Cavendish, to which was attached the question, "Am I really like my uncle?" His friends would answer in the affirmative, for he has the strong Cavendish face and jaw, and the sterling good sense and spirit of public duty which so truly distinguished the great statesman who is now being mourned by both Liberals and Conservatives. When speaking in his constituency, one form of good-natured heckling to which the future Duke became quite accustomed was that of being shouted at, if he hesitated for a moment in answering a question, "Why not ask uncle?" He was known to be a model nephew and heir, and it may be safely prophesied that with him the old order, not only at Chatsworth, but at Eastbourne and at Devonshire House, will remain unchanged.

—And His Duchess.

The new Duchess of Devonshire, as all the world knows, is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Lansdowne. As Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice she learnt the graceful social arts for which her mother is famed, and she will, of course, carry on the traditions attached to her new title. The fact that the new Duchess is the mother of six children—four

CROWNS, CORONETS & COURTIER

BIARRITZ is basking in the royal favour, and the news that the King had decided to prolong his stay there into April very naturally filled the neighbourhood of the sunny little town with joy. His Majesty takes long excursions into the country, and has been a spectator of the local games and sports in many a little Basque village. Attended only by one gentleman, the King often walks through the town, making purchases in even the

daughters and two sons—has been, perhaps, one reason why she has seemed to prefer her country home, picturesque Holker Hall, to London; but with the accession of her husband to the dukedom, she will perforce take her place among the three or four political hostesses whose duty as well as pleasure it is to entertain the members of the party to which the Duke has given his adherence.

A Coming Marriage.

The engagement of Miss Fielden to Sir Charles Bingham Lowther, the young Yorkshire baronet who so distinguished himself in the South African War—and that before he was of age—is interesting to Leeds society, for his place, Swillington House, is within easy distance of that great town. The prospective bridegroom, who will be eight-and-twenty in July, is a cousin of the Earl of Lonsdale, and is connected with many of the great landed families of Yorkshire.

The Minto-Cromer Wedding.

By far the most important of early spring weddings will take place next Saturday (4th) at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, Lady Ruby Elliot, daughter of the Viceroy of India and Lady Minto, is one of the loveliest girls in Society, and probably the prettiest bride since Miss Hope became Lady Kerry; and the bridegroom, Lord Errington, is the eldest son of that greatest of modern pro-Consuls, Lord Cromer. Lady Ruby's connection with the Indian Empire is interestingly emphasised, both in the matter of her trousseau and in the wedding gifts which have been showered on her. Of these perhaps the most original is a pendant, each precious stone of which is engraved with a verse of the Koran.

The Bride's Mother.

Lady Minto is making a brief stay in England, both in order to be present at the marriage of her daughter and to introduce her youngest daughter, Lady Violet Elliot, to the great world. The fact that Lady Minto is a sister of Lord Grey, now Governor-General of Canada, adds yet another Vice-regal link to Saturday's nup-

tials. Lord Minto and his brilliant wife must have found the task of succeeding Lord and Lady Curzon a far from easy one; but the Viceroy is exceptionally fortunate in his helpmeet, and Anglo-Indian society has delighted in the presence of three charming girls at all the Viceregal festivities.



ENGAGED TO SIR CHARLES BINGHAM
LOWTHER, BART.:
MISS FIELDEN.
Photograph by Keturah Collings.



THE BRIDE: LADY RUBY ELLIOT,
DAUGHTER OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA.

THE BRIDEGROOM: VISCOUNT ERRINGTON,
SON OF LORD CROMER.

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER:
LADY MINTO.

THE MINTO-CROMER WEDDING.

Photographs by Alice Hughes, Elliott and Fry, and Lafayette, Dublin.

Club Badges: "The Sketch's" Special Series.



III.—THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB.

THE SPIRITS OF THE CLUB; AND ITS LIBRARY.

Photograph of the Figures by S. Elwin Neame; photograph of the Club by Campbell-Gray.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Tall Stories.

It is only natural that the Moors who are entertaining us should regard the many sights of London as a matter of course. That is the Oriental way. At home, when they hear of the wonders of Europe, they regard the stories as the laudable effort of the narrator to please. When they see the wonders for themselves they have not the capacity to grasp their significance. The late Shah never understood what the telegraph meant until a ready Englishman described it as like a big dog which, if its tail were pinched in London, would instantly bark in Teheran. Though the late Amir saw the mysteries and miracles of which Sir Salter Pyne was capable, he treated his stories of English achievements as inventions, obligingly fabricated. One night the monarch got the Englishman to describe to a circle of admiring native nobles our biggest gun. Sir Salter told of the 100-ton gun. When the description ended the Amir capped it. "I have seen a gun the cartridge of which was as large as the gun which has just been described to you," he quietly said.

Romance and War.

It may not have occurred to everybody who looked at a portrait in a recent *Sketch* of a professional story-teller who is entertaining London society with her recitals that here we have an Oriental institution Westernised. "The Arabian Nights" did not end with the telling of the thousand-and-first story; they go on for ever. The official story-teller is still an important functionary at the Court of Afghanistan. Abdur Rahman, when he first lay down, had his reader, who read him the newest biographies and travels. After this came the story-teller, to tell his stories throughout the night, while his Sovereign slumbered. "This is very soothing," the Amir wrote, "as the constant murmur of the story-teller's voice lulls my tired nerves and brain." There was another advantage; he found that, by accustoming himself to this "noise," he could sleep soundly on the battlefield. The moral of this story is, as "Alice" would say, that we must keep the story-teller far removed from our Generals.

Behind the Picture.

The pictures which are now nearing completion for the impending Academy season will, of course, be submitted to all manner of criticism—to that of the student of art pure and simple, to that of the naturalist who jealously regards the flora and fauna of the canvases, to that of the tailor who scowls over creases and buttons superfluous or absent. The most interesting article, after due consideration of the pictures, would be one telling us some of the life-stories of the models. One conformable gentleman, who has figured in a Crucifixion, as a Spanish grandee, and in many a scene of Venice and sunny France, is an Anarchist who dreams on

his pedestal in a London studio of the great day when bombs shall fly like meteors, and thrones and Empire be ground fine as his master's colours. Another, a lady of Rome, who has sat for the Madonna and for many a classical subject, was a favourite model of Lady Marion Alford, who one day asked her to look sad. "What, tears, Signorina?" she asked. "No, only look sad," said the artist. "But if I wanted tears could I have those, too?" "Oh, yes, Signorina. It is enough for me to think of the shoemaker who made me pay seven francs instead of five, and I cry directly," was the simple answer.

Government Made Easy.

The people who spread the alarming reports the other day as to the health of King Manuel should feel thankful that they have not a Turkish ruler over them. It is a serious thing to speak of the health of

the health of an Eastern Sovereign, and the custom is sometimes turned unexpectedly to account for the discomfort of the faithful. Layard's old friend, Mohammed Pasha, of Mosel, had levied incredible taxes upon nearly everybody within reach, but there remained a few unrobbed. So one day he was carried to his harem, apparently lifeless. On the following morning, his palace was closed, and the attendants answered inquiries with mysterious signals, capable of only one interpretation. Great was the rejoicing at the supposed death. But the old gentleman had got his spies everywhere in the town. He resurrected himself at midday, and, to everybody's horror, appeared in perfect health in the market-place. Then he fell upon the men of property. They were seized and stripped of every shred of property, for having spread reports derogatory to his authority.



THE RESULT OF PREPARING TO-DAY'S SUPPLEMENT.—ONE OF "THE SKETCH" STAFF DREAMS A DREAM.

The Flight of the Maimed.

There is pathos in the thought that all the work at the Royal Horticultural Hall, which London will be going to see to-morrow, has been done by soldiers and sailors "broke in our wars." The handy man of Navy or Army is never handier than when challenged by disability. One of the most moving pictures in the domestic life of Nelson is that of his spinning a child's top with his one hand. There was a certain man great in diplomacy who suffered from an infirmity—of foot, not of hand—and two blithesome children were warned, in view of the great man's visit, not to allude at dinner to the affliction. Dinner passed off admirably, but next morning the little boy and girl went anxiously to their parents to know why the guest had so suddenly flown. They had waylaid him in a corridor, and made him promise to show them his foot. The little girl grew into the Empress Frederick; the little boy is King Edward.

'WARE WIRELESS!



WILLIAM THE WANDERER (who has been studying the notice-board, as a shot lodges in the neighbourhood of his spine): Odds confound these 'ere noo-fangled telegrams. The darned things 'adn't oughter be allowed.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THERE are comparatively few sons of Nimrod on the stage. Among them is Mr. Edmund Maurice, who is now acting at the Vaudeville. He probably inherits his taste for sport from his father, the late Major Lenon, V.C. Mr. Maurice shot his first elk this season in Norway after an exciting chase. With a native hunter and a dog, he was going up a long, swampy gully. As there was a cross wind, the dog had not got the scent of the elk when Mr. Maurice caught a glimpse of two beasts disappearing behind a small hill in front of him. The hunter motioned to him to run along the side of the hill. He did so, loading his rifle as he ran. After going fifty yards he saw a bull and a cow running up the side of the gully. Putting up the two hundred yards sight, Mr. Maurice fired, and the bull dropped but sprang up again. Mr. Maurice fired a second time, but missed. He and the hunter followed the spoor for half a mile along the top of a precipitous place, the dog hot on the scent. Then, below them, they sighted the beast standing and swaying from side to side. The next moment, however, it was off again through the thick timber. Mr. Maurice and his companion followed for about a mile, and again they came upon the elk, lying down about fifty yards below them. As soon as the animal winded them it roared and struggled up. Another shot brought it down, and they scrambled to where it was. Thinking its back was broken, Mr. Maurice would not shoot again, not wishing to spoil the skin; but when they were within five yards, the elk managed to stagger to its feet. A shot behind the ear brought it crashing down dead, and it was found to be a magnificent bull of twenty points.

"THE MERRY WIDOW" WALTZ PERFORMED BY NEGROES: MRS. ADA OVERTON WALKER AND MR. GEORGE WALKER IN THE FAMOUS DANCE.

It will be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. George Walker made a very successful appearance in this country in "In Dahomey."—[Photographs by Hamilton.]



could judge, there was a distance of thirty-three feet between actor and stage. Oddly enough, the only injury he experienced was to "rope-burn" both insteps almost to the bone, for he was not shaken, and did not even have a headache after the experience.

By the way, Mr. Sillward recently made something like a record in travelling. He had been in Buenos Ayres for some time with a musical comedy repertoire company, and reached Waterloo on the evening of the dress rehearsal of "Peter Pan." He jumped in a cab, and was driven straight to the theatre, where he put on his dress and was in time to take his place for his last two entrances.

What is the price of an actress? The question is often asked by managers, but whatever the reply may be, it has never been so cheaply answered, so far as leading ladies are concerned, as was once the case in Liverpool when Mrs. Edward Saker, who is acting in "The Admirable Crichton" at the Duke of York's, was the lessee of the Alexandra Theatre. In the window of a large mantle establishment the proprietor had placed several figures made up like popular actresses, and in the centre, as naturally best known to Liverpoolians, was the "counterfeit presentment" of Mrs. Saker wearing, in addition to a wonderful mantle, an elaborately designed card on which the passers-by read "Mrs. Saker, reduced to £1 18s. 6d." Near her was "Ellen Terry, a great bargain, only £1 5s.," while not far away was "Mrs. Langtry, very beautiful, 10s. 6d. net cash," and "Adelina Patti, fur-lined, 11s. 9d." If only the managers could have got them at that price!

Mr. John Harwood may well consider himself one of the lucky members of the theatrical profession, for during the twenty-six years he has been on the stage he spent fourteen with Sir Henry Irving, and has been for eleven years as stage manager with Mr. Cyril Maude, of whom he tells an amusing anecdote, illustrating the popular actor-manager's unbounded energy. The dress rehearsal of a new play, in which Mr. Maude had a more than ordinarily hard-working part, was just over, and Mr. Harwood went with him to his dressing-room to talk over the way in which everything had gone. As Mr. Maude removed the outer portion of his stage costume he noticed that his underclothes were soaked through with perspiration. Turning to Mr. Harwood, he said: "Well, I hope this will go; anyway, it is worth doing." Then he noticed the condition of his underclothes, and added: "Anything that makes you perspire like this is worth doing."



Mr. Edward Sillward, who plays Nana in "Peter Pan," is one of the best-known animal actors on the stage. In that line of business accidents occasionally happen. Mr. Sillward's worst, which might have been attended with very disastrous results, occurred some years ago, when he was playing a female gorilla, Rosina, in a comedy called "Naughty Rosina." The company was at the Grand Theatre, Margate, and after it had acted for four nights, a different end to the play was arranged. On Mr. Sillward's suggestion, it was agreed that when everybody said, "Where's Rosina?" the gorilla should do a trick fall from the "flies," using a rope for the purpose. Mr. Sillward had only a minute-and-a-half to get up to his position from his last exit, and he had to climb fifty-six feet from the stage. Still, he got up easily, and waited for the cue, "Where's Rosina?" It never came. The stage-manager, thinking he would give the actor plenty of time, had put in about four pages of dialogue which had been cut out. Mr. Sillward had already started going down the rope slowly, and had reached the "borders" across the top of the stage, when he got cramp in his hands and legs and had to drop before his cue came. It was, however, not a trick fall. As he could not hold on any longer, he shut his eyes and let go, when, as nearly as the stage-carpenter

In this connection, it is interesting to recall an anecdote told by Miss Ellen Terry of the late Sir Henry Irving. One day the conversation turned on what was Sir Henry's best part. His dresser was applied to for his opinion, and promptly plumped for Macbeth. Sir Henry at that time believed himself that it was Hamlet, and suggested it to his amateur critic. "No, Sir," replied the man quietly, "you perspire twice as much in Macbeth as you do in Hamlet." That was, in his estimation evidently, the test of the actor's art.

Otho the Ornithologist.



II.—DISGUISED AS A RAIN-CLOUD, OTHO STUDIES THE ECCENTRICITIES OF THE UMBRELLA-BIRD.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. MOSHER, whose attractive little book of selections from the poems of Francis Thompson has just reached me, is one of the few American publishers who keep alive the problem of literary piracy. He is, of course, perfectly within the law when he publishes work that has not been protected in America, nor do his little "liftings" do much damage. They may gratify—or at least advertise—the author from whom they are made.

In the days when even so great a firm as the Harpers were not ashamed to fly the black flag there were some notable angers provoked in the breasts of English authors. Dickens was, of course, the angriest of all, and those who had seen something of the tradesman in his appearance were led, unjustly enough, to suspect the tradesman in his heart in reading his indignant letter to the *Athenæum* in 1842. He called for an International Convention on the subject of copyright, and wrote—

The persons who exert themselves to mislead the American public on this question, to put down its discussion, and to suppress and distort the truth in reference to it in every possible way, are (as you may easily suppose) those who have a strong interest in the existing system of piracy and plunder; inasmuch as, so long as it continues, they can gain a comfortable living out of the brains of other men, while they would find it very difficult to earn bread by the exercise of their own.

Stevenson, too, was very angry, but it was principally through the accident of his own particular John Silver among booksellers giving him a hated name that was not his own. It was before he had learned to sell his wares in the States that he wrote—

I see myself advertised in a number of the *Critic* as one R. L. Stephenson; and I own my blood boiled. It is so easy to know the name of the man whose book you have stolen; for there it is, at full length, on the title-page of your booty. But no, damn him, not he! He calls me Stephenson.

And that last name he used to pronounce (as his stepdaughter once told me) Step-henson! The word became an imperative exclamation on his lips. Thus did he keep at a distance this disowned kinsman of a name.

I have been looking for it this long time, and at last it has made its appearance—the article, the lecture, the leaflet that was to begin a depreciation, or, as others would say, a saner appreciation, of Whistler. Himself a reaction, a paradox, a movement against the current, almost a blow in the face of the passer-by, his reputation also seems likely to offer its equally unfair share of surprises. To the long neglect, outrageous and irrelevant, succeeded the counteracting adulation. To be an inner-Whistlerian or an outer-Philistine was the only choice you had. But this conversion of the public was carried at the point of the pen rather than of the brush. And the pen was a very rapier in the Master's hands. "Your admiration or your life!" cried this highwayman on the road frequented by the critics. Some died at their posts. "I have killed him," said the Master with equanimity, pointing to the corse.

But there were some who did not die. Whistler did; and they lived to fight another day.

And now from America and Mr. William Merrit Chase comes the first word of revolt. Mr. Whistler, he declares, lacked training, knew nothing of construction, and was, indeed, one of the greatest potters who ever lived. Mr. Pennell, the first syllable of whose name supplies the talisman, will no doubt make a note of this. He will sharpen his pen—the instrument, in part, of Whistler's victories in life; and now again, perhaps by proxy, will repeat the triumph and repel the doubter. The biographer will join the Chase; he will, perhaps, secure his quarry. For there come to mind dim echoes of an old dispute between the Master and Mr. Chase. It was all about—but no, perhaps Mr. Pennell should be left to make the revelation. Chase also is a painter, but the trouble was not about a medium, or a brush, or a canvas, or the relative merits of a Velasquez and a Whistler. It was, if the murder will out, all about—the fashion of a hat! Which of the two first wore that flat-brim which Whistler made famous in London and Chase in New York? Which was the pioneer—which the thief? High as the hat were the words. But did it matter very much when a thousand hats of the same pattern, open to the imitation of each painter, were being paraded on every boulevard in Paris?

It is rather as a President of the Shire Horse Society, and the Hackney Horse Society, and as the author of many learned books on horseflesh than as the founder of the firm that bears his name that Sir Walter Gilbey has written the life of George Morland—painter and drinker. George Stubbs, R.A., whose little white horse is the admiration of sportsmen who stray into the National Gallery, first led Sir Walter into the regions of artistic biography, and Morland is the easy sequel to his previous essay. Morland, of course, is a more picturesque figure than a George Stubbs, and one extremely attractive,

even if tipsy, to the biographer. He reels through Soho—and Soho Square, whence this book now comes to us—in his red riding-coat, a type of the born opponent of the Licensing Bills of all time.

Morland's life, full of creditors and arrests and uneasiness, yet makes a good book, and, to name a contemporary of his, so does—Goethe's! Mr. Fisher Unwin's popular edition of the Düntzer Life consisting of eight hundred crowded pages, and costing half-a-crown, includes a chapter in the history of hero-worship, forgotten by Froude in his "Carlyle." In 1831, when Goethe was two years older than our just congratulated sage of Box Hill, nineteen literary men of England and Scotland sent him a testimonial of their esteem. Carlyle was the originator of the scheme, and Scott and Wordsworth were among his fellow-subscribers. A little later, and Ruskin would have added his signature: "The wise German," he called Goethe, and I think it was the only good word he ever bestowed on a German author.

M. E.



LIFT-MAN (for the second time): No smoking in the lift.

NAVY: I ain't smoking.

LIFT-MAN: Well, don't you call that a cigar?

NAVY (trying once more to make his "smoke" draw): Naw, of course it ain't; it's a bloomin' lung-developer.

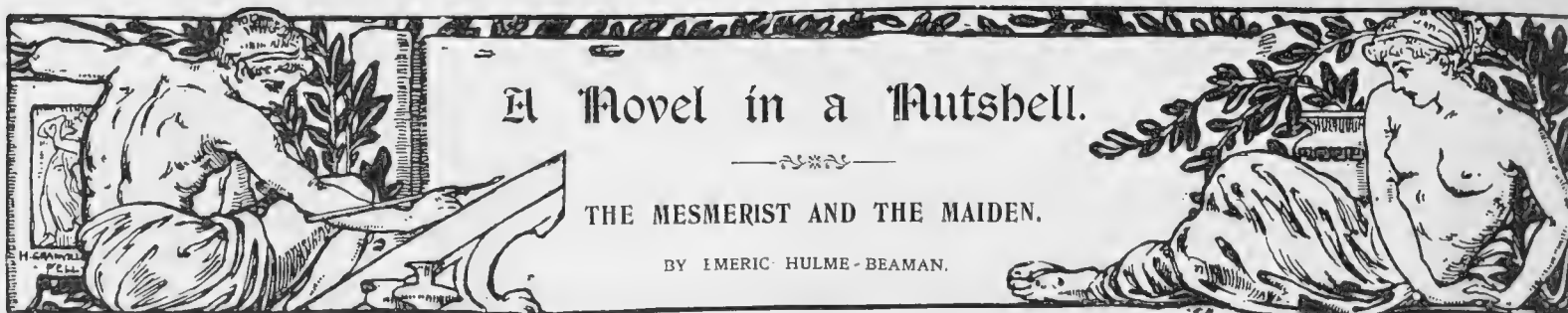
DRAWN BY J. A. STEVENSON.

ADAM THE LITTLE.



THE GUILTY ONE: Bother this apple business! First it's Adam, then it's me gets into trouble over them.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



"THE thing is quite simple," said the Mesmerist. "I sit down opposite my subject and just gaze into her—I mean his—eyes, till she—he—it—the subject, that is to say—falls into a peaceful sleep; and then—"

"Then?" inquired the Maiden, with growing interest.

"Then?"—the Mesmerist waved his arm explanatorily—"why then, of course, I wake them up again, you know."

"Oh," said the Maiden, a little disappointed, "is that all? Whatever is the good of sending people into a peaceful sleep just to wake them up again directly?"

"Because," the Mesmerist pointed out with dignity, "they can be made, you see, to do things and—say things, in fact, while they are peacefully asleep. It is most instructive."

"Do and—say what sort of things?" inquired the Maiden abstractedly.

"Well, all sorts of things. Stand on their heads and answer difficult questions, for instance."

"Yes," she agreed thoughtfully, "that must be very instructive and—nice. But doesn't it rather spoil the peacefulness of their sleep?—I mean standing on their heads?"

"Not a bit," he assured her. "They always wake up immensely refreshed and happy. I wish," he added, as though on a sudden and engaging inspiration, "I do wish you would consent, just for fun, you know, to be—er—to be my—"

"To be your—what?" she demanded, a little impatiently, as the Mesmerist paused on an aggravating note of interrogation.

"My—well, my subject," he replied, examining the toe of his beautifully polished boot.

"I don't seem to like the idea of being anybody's subject much," objected the Maiden. "It sounds rather horrid, and—and not quite becoming, do you think?"

"On the contrary," declared the Mesmerist with conviction, "I think there is nothing more becoming to a really lovely girl than being a subject. You have no idea how becoming it is—sometimes."

"I daresay," she mused, "it might be more becoming than being an 'object'—that's rather a good pun, I flatter myself," she added, looking up at him with evident pleasure.

The Mesmerist shook his head doubtfully. "It is impossible," he remarked.

"What is impossible?" inquired the Maiden, obviously offended. "Do you mean it is impossible for me to make a good pun? If so, you are abominably rude!"

"I meant it was impossible for you to flatter yourself," he explained. "As for the pun, well—why cannot a beautiful subject be a beautiful object?"

"Don't ask ridiculous questions!" retorted the Maiden. "Go on with your subject—why that's another pun!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"And a much better one," admitted the Mesmerist. "My subject was you."

"No—you wanted it to be," she corrected.

"And you were on the point of gratifying my wish—really, it would be a most delightful experiment," he urged.

"No doubt—for you," she conceded, her little lip curling.

"Ah, believe me—for you, too! Think of the charming peaceful slumber! the exquisite languorous dreams! the—"

"Stop!" she interrupted. "You said nothing about the dreams! What does she—I mean the subject—dream about?"

"Oh, the most heavenly things," the Mesmerist explained vaguely. "Ice-creams, and—and the most divine frocks, and—"

"I don't care about the ice-creams," she broke in. "And the frocks aren't much use when you wake up; and—and supposing you made me stand on my head?" she added with sudden apprehension.

"I wouldn't think of such a thing," the Mesmerist assured her. "I wouldn't indeed."

"I hope not," said the Maiden severely. "I should never forgive you if you made me stand on my head. Besides, I'm sure I couldn't do it, if I tried."

"It wants a lot of practice," he admitted, "even for a subject. The rest of it, however—dreaming, and answering questions, and sleeping peacefully, and all that, you know—is quite easy, you will find."

"I have no doubt it is," she replied, "but I am not going to 'find'—at least, not unless I know exactly beforehand how it's done, and what you intend to make me dream about and say; and besides"—she glanced up at the clock—"it will take too long, and mother and the rest of them will be back directly."

"It won't take long at all, the Mesmerist hastened to point out. "Not more than ten minutes at the most—and I will tell you exactly how it's done," he added anxiously.

"Well, just explain the whole thing," commanded the Maiden, "and what happens—right from the beginning."

"Certainly," agreed the Mesmerist with alacrity. "First of all, then, I draw my chair close up to yours—so—"

"Don't be in such a hurry!" objected the Maiden, edging away. "We have not begun yet—this is only the explanation."

"Very well—I merely wanted to show you," he replied in an aggrieved tone. "Let me see. Oh, next, of course, I have to take your hands—like this—"

"I tell you we haven't begun yet!" protested the Maiden wrathfully. "And I shan't begin at all if you don't leave go of my hands this very moment."

"I forgot we hadn't begun," said the Mesmerist with contrition. "Well, then—let me see, where had we got to?"

"You had got to my hands," prompted the Maiden. "And please don't get there again," she added hurriedly. "I don't believe it's in the least necessary to claw hold of my hands like that."

"Indeed, it is absolutely necessary," he pleaded. "One cannot establish the—er—the electric, I mean hypnotic, current properly without—ahem!—completing the circuit."

"Of course, if it's absolutely necessary," she pondered, "perhaps . . . when we begin . . ."

"Of course, when we begin," assented the Mesmerist. "Not before. It's—it's not absolutely necessary before; that is to say, though—"

"Well, never mind that!" she interrupted impatiently. "I want to know what happens next, please?"

"Ah—what happens next; yes." The Mesmerist reflected a moment. "Why, of course—how stupid of me, to be sure!—next, I gaze into your eyes."

"Oh, do you? And what do I do?"

"You gaze back into mine for a few seconds, and then close them—yours, I mean, not mine—and fall into a peaceful sleep—"

"And dream things. But how do I know when to start sleeping?" inquired the Maiden, with some concern.

"Oh, I tell you," he explained. "I first say, 'Now close your eyes' (that's your cue, as it were)—and you close them. You have to obey me, you know—"

"Nonsense!" interposed the Maiden. "I am not going to obey you. I am not going to be told to do things. You must ask me nicely if you want me to—to go to sleep—or I shan't."

"All right," acquiesced the Mesmerist meekly. "I shall say, then—'Now, will you please close your eyes?' and you will close them. You'll have to. You must give up your will entirely to me."

"I won't!" declared the Maiden indignantly. "I never did such a thing in my life."

"But," he expostulated, "it's only for a few minutes!"

"Oh, very well, then. Supposing I—I do—what happens next?"

"Next?" said the Mesmerist, gazing at her abstractedly. "Let me see. Oh, next—why, next—of course! I ask you things and you have to answer me quite truthfully—quite truthfully, mind!"

"Well, that's easy enough," reflected the Maiden.

"For most girls it is the most difficult thing in the world," mused the Mesmerist absently.

"What did you say?" she demanded.

"That it's almost time—don't you think—that we began?"

"And—and you will promise to make me dream awfully jolly things if I consent?" she stipulated.

"If you promise to go to sleep like a good girl—that is, subject—and answer truthfully."

"Then it must only be for five minutes," said the Maiden, with decision; "just five minutes. I won't sleep a moment longer!"

"Yes, just five minutes," agreed the Mesmerist, drawing his chair exactly opposite hers. "I'm afraid I must hold your hands, if you don't mind—"

"I do mind; but since you appear to think it's necessary—Oh, you needn't hold them so hard!" remonstrated the Maiden, as the Mesmerist enclosed her dainty fingers in a somewhat masterful grip.

"What dear, lovely little soft hands!" murmured the Mesmerist,

[Continued overleaf.]

A WHITE MAN—AND ANOTHER.



THE COWBOY: Say, how do you call that colt you want to sell?

THE REDSKIN: Him called Running Deer.

THE COWBOY: Running dear, is he? Wal, see here, I guess he'll have to alter
and be going cheap before there's any deal!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

relaxing the pressure of his grasp as he looked down at them. "I couldn't help it. I'm so sorry!"

"Don't be idiotic," exclaimed the Maiden, reddening, "or I won't play."

"I don't want you to play," he objected. "I want you to be perfectly serious—as I am. Now, are you ready to begin?"

"I thought we *had* begun," said the Maiden in surprise.

"We've begun to begin," explained the Mesmerist. "The first thing, or rather, the second thing, is for you to look straight at me."

The maiden raised her limpid blue eyes and let them dwell with gentle solemnity on the Mesmerist's countenance.

"Like that?" she inquired.

"Yes, that's very nice," he said, gazing approvingly into their depths. "When I tell you—I mean, ask you—to close them, you must do so."

"Well? And after that?"

"After that? Oh, after that you are asleep and must answer questions—truthfully, you know."

"How can I if I am asleep?" protested the Maiden.

"Oh, it's quite easy," said the Mesmerist lightly. "It's done by—by suggestion."

"You mean you suggest what I have to say?"

"Exactly," he concurred with comprehensive acquiescence.

"Are you beginning to feel at all sleepy?"

"N—no—is that right?" she asked; "or ought I to have said 'yes'?"

"Whichever you felt to be the—er—the correct solution," said the Mesmerist. "Go on looking at me."

"Well—don't stare so!" said the Maiden. "It's worse than looking into a photograph-camera."

"Thank you," remarked the Mesmerist stiffly. "How do you expect me to mesmerise you unless I gaze into your eyes?"

"Then do be quick!" she warned him. "The others will be home in a minute."

"Very well; but you mustn't talk—at least till you are asleep—or the current won't work—"

The Maiden nodded assent, and for some moments they continued to stare at each other in stony silence, the Mesmerist revelling in this uninterrupted scrutiny of the Maiden's flushed and beautiful countenance, and the delicious touch of her soft, warm hands nestling in his own. It was with evident reluctance that he remarked presently, as her big blue eyes showed signs of wavering beneath his persistent gaze—

"You are getting sleepy."

"Oh—am I?" inquired the Maiden, with some curiosity.

"Yes," asserted the Mesmerist in a tone of conviction. "Now, close your eyes—I mean, will you kindly be good enough to close your eyes?"

The Maiden obligingly obeyed, screwing up her eyes very tight in a conscientious endeavour to keep them shut.

"Not like that," objected the Mesmerist; "just easily and naturally, you know—"

"Oh—is that better?" she inquired.

"Ever so much," he remarked approvingly. "Now—are you asleep?"

"I believe so," said the Maiden with unblushing mendacity, "only you will wake me up again if you go on squeezing my hands so hard."

"I don't believe you're asleep," said the Mesmerist severely.

"I am, *really*," she assured him. "Quite fast—but do be quick and get on!"—she opened one eye to glance apprehensively at the clock on the mantelpiece—"else the others will be in before we have finished, and—and it would look so ridiculous."

"Shut that eye," said the Mesmerist sternly, "and don't chatter! You must only answer questions. Now, you are fast asleep and dreaming a most beautiful dream; you are dreaming that—that—" he paused an instant to reflect—"that you are, in fact, walking along a lovely, shady lane, far away from everywhere, with somebody you are very fond of—"

"Yes!" broke in the Maiden, with visible interest. "Somebody rather tall and—and fat—"

"Nothing of the sort," corrected the Mesmerist. "Somebody tall and slim and elegant—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the Maiden in a disappointed tone. "It's—not the one I mean, then—"

"And," pursued the Mesmerist, ignoring the interruption, "the stars, the beautiful stars, are shining, and the gentle breeze is whispering in the trees, and the—the birds are singing in the hedges—"

"But if the stars are shining, it must be night-time," put in the Maiden.

"Of course! It is a lovely summer evening—a soft, warm May evening, with the scent of the hay—I mean the lilac—heavy on the air, and—"

"But the birds don't sing at night," objected the Maiden. "I can't hear the birds—I can't, really."

"The nightingale," explained the Mesmerist loftily. "It is the nightingale you hear. The nightingale often sings at night."

"Not in May," protested the Maiden. "I'm sure it never sings before June, you know."

"It is the evening of the 31st May," said the Mesmerist, "and the bird happens to be a few hours in advance of its scheduled

time, that's all. Don't interrupt me again, please. Let me see—where were we?"

"In the lane," suggested the maiden. "At least," she corrected, "I was."

"Quite right," said the Mesmerist. "We—I mean you and the tall elegant man—"

"The man is rather stout," she persisted. "I can see him—in my dream—quite plainly. Rather stout and fair."

"A man of a somewhat commanding presence?" inquired the Mesmerist.

"Well—he's big," conceded the Maiden.

"Big and commanding—I thought so. And—in your dream—you are walking together along this beautiful lane, on a starlit night in May, and the man places his arm round your waist and draws you gently to him, and—"

"Yes," said the Maiden, "I am dreaming it all splendidly. Go on!"

"Draws you to his breast," proceeded the Mesmerist, "and whispers something in your ear—"

"I can't hear that," she protested. "The nightingale is making such a row."

"The nightingale has now stopped singing," explained the Mesmerist. "For the moment, you can only hear what the man is saying—by-the-bye, do you recognise the man?" he paused to ask.

"Ye-es—I *think* I do," said the Maiden, knitting her brows.

"Who is he?"

"His name," she replied slowly, in the tone of one reciting a lesson, "his name is—well, it seems to be the same as yours."

"Ha! I thought so," said the Mesmerist.

"I think you had better let go of my hands," suggested the Maiden; "you are waking me up, and—and it is really quite a nice dream."

"You are—still asleep, of course," he reassured her. "And the man is whispering in your ear. Do you know what he is whispering?"

"I can't hear very plainly," she admitted.

"He is whispering the words, 'I love you. I adore you!'"

"Oh—so he is!" said the Maiden, a contented smile hovering round her little mouth.

"You heard him quite plainly, then?"

"Quite plainly—that time."

"Good!" said the Mesmerist. "And this man who has whispered in your ear that he loves you, that he adores you—do you—do you love him, too?"

"Certainly not!" said the Maiden, blushing furiously.

"Ahem!" said the Mesmerist. "I'm afraid you didn't quite catch my question."

"Well—what was it?" she asked in a low voice.

"Do you love him?" repeated the Mesmerist slowly.

"What!—the stout, fair man, do you mean?"

"I mean," he replied, with dignity, "the tall man with the commanding presence, whose name is—well, is the same as mine?"

"Must I answer—just as if I was in the lane?" she pleaded.

"Of course. He asks you the question in the lane—he breathes it into your ear most tenderly. 'Do you love me—darling?' And what do you answer—in the lane?"

"I—I don't know. I think I— Oh, there's that horrid nightingale started again!"

"Confound the nightingale!" exclaimed the Mesmerist. "Do you answer 'yes' or 'no'—to the man in the lane?"

"Oh—I suppose I answer—to the man in the lane"—she opened her wide blue eyes upon him with a delicious shy smile—"well, I suppose I *have* to answer—'yes.'"

The Mesmerist leaned forward, and with a swift, dexterous movement caught the Maiden in his arms, and drawing her closely to him, covered her face with kisses before she had time even to protest against such drastic treatment.

"There!" he exclaimed, looking triumphantly down upon her crimson countenance, "I thought that would be the best way, perhaps, of—waking you up!"

"Is that the way you generally wake up your mesmerised subjects?" she demanded, as she struggled in vain to free herself from the extremely powerful embrace of the Mesmerist, and finally abandoned the effort in despair. "If so—"

"Calm yourself," murmured the Mesmerist in her ear, "I will be candid—quite candid with you—I never mesmerised anybody in my life before! I never had any inclination to try and do so. It was merely a—peculiarly happy inspiration, don't you see? I wanted to find out if a certain little, lovely, delicious rogue of a girl did—or did not—ahem! well, *you* know what!"

"She never told you," faltered the Maiden. "It—it was the man in the lane she told—the, the rather stout, fair man—"

"Yes—the man with the commanding presence. I comprehend your pretty little euphemism and—and pardon it, on condition—"

"On condition?" demanded the Maiden, glancing up at him defiantly.

"That you never dare to repeat the libel," said the Mesmerist, "on pain of being instantly silenced in the only expeditious and convenient way!"

"What way?" she inquired in surprise.

"This!" said the Mesmerist, pressing his lips to hers.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

NOW that King Edward's early pedagogues have all departed this life, the veteran Lord Wemyss is probably the only person living who can claim to have struck his Majesty. It happened, of all places, in the House of Lords. During a debate,

Lord Wemyss was speaking with his accustomed fire and energy, and brought down his clenched fist with marked emphasis on the hat of a Peer sitting just in front of him. Unfortunately, the Peer was the then Prince of Wales. Apologies and explanations followed, but the Prince moved out of range for the rest of the speech.

A Legislative Joker.

Lord Wemyss's latest exploit is to bring in a Bill in solemn form to transfer private property of all kinds to a Board of Commissioners, the time-limit being fourteen years. This skit on the Government's Licensing Bill is not bad for a legislator who will be ninety next August. He was past eighty when he married his second wife, learnt all the mechanism of motor-cars, and invented a combination of pickaxe,

said, and she appealed to him to get them out; another time a gentleman lost a pet monkey, and wrote to Lord Balfour to find it. Shrewd, with a strong rather than a handsome face, Lord Balfour is still on the right side of sixty, and he took a firm line in opposition to Tariff Reform. Oddly enough, though his title is Balfour, his name is Bruce, and he calls Lord Elgin cousin, while he is brother-in-law to another member of the present Administration—Lord Aberdeen.

"Councillor Cawdor."

The Prince of Wales has also appointed Lord Cawdor to be a member of his Royal Highness's Council. A short, rather thick-set man, with a clever, kindly face, Lord Cawdor looks a typical English gentleman; therein his looks belie him, for he is much more than that, having, indeed, one of the keenest business heads in the country. The present position of the Great Western Railway Company, of which he was chairman for ten years, is principally due to his work. For instance, he



Photo. Branger.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF A PARIS FINANCIER: M. ROCHETTE.

The case of M. Rochette, the well-known Paris financier, is arousing extraordinary interest in France. Many hurl execration upon M. Rochette, while others cover him with flowers. His friends are making light of the affair, and are likening him to Charlemagne.

spade, saw, and shield from bullets, and he still paints and "sculpts" for the best art exhibitions.

Mrs. Carl Meyer. Mrs. Carl Meyer is a very prominent member of that high little world composed of what the French wittily style "the banking nobility," for her husband is a great financier. She and Mr. Carl Meyer are both devoted to music, and they have been from the very first munificent patrons of the Opera. Mrs. Meyer's interest in music has been shown in many ways; when, some time ago, a German company performed "The Nibelungen Lied" at Covent Garden she entertained all the singers to supper, and, in order to remind her guests of their beloved Fatherland, a quaint beer-barrel, wreathed in vine-leaves, formed the really original decoration of the supper-table. On a gala night at the Opera Mrs. Carl Meyer is among the most striking-looking women present, for her young face is framed in masses of soft white hair, and she possesses to a very unusual degree the art of dressing in a way which is at once smart and picturesque.

The Prince's Lord Warden. Lord Balfour of Burleigh—who has just been appointed by the Prince of Wales to be Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Cornwall and Devon, and Rider and Master Forester of Dartmoor, in the room of Lord Ducie, resigned—will be remembered as Mr. Balfour's Secretary for Scotland. Lord Balfour once described in an amusing speech a few of the requests made to him in that capacity: A lady had some bailiffs in her house, he



A BLIND CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENTARY HONOURS: MR. WALKER KING.

Mr. King has been chosen as prospective Liberal candidate for Wellington (West Somerset), to oppose the present member, the chief Unionist Whip. Mr. King has been blind from birth. He is a descendant of a former Bishop of Rochester.

abolished the absurd rule that every passenger train should stop at Swindon for ten minutes. Moreover, from the board-room at Paddington he stepped dramatically straight into the Cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty, and an excellent First Lord he made. In Cawdor Castle, with its legends of Macbeth and Duncan, he possesses perhaps the most perfect specimen of an old Highland castle in existence. Lady Cawdor is not only a beautiful woman, but an admirable mother to her ten children.

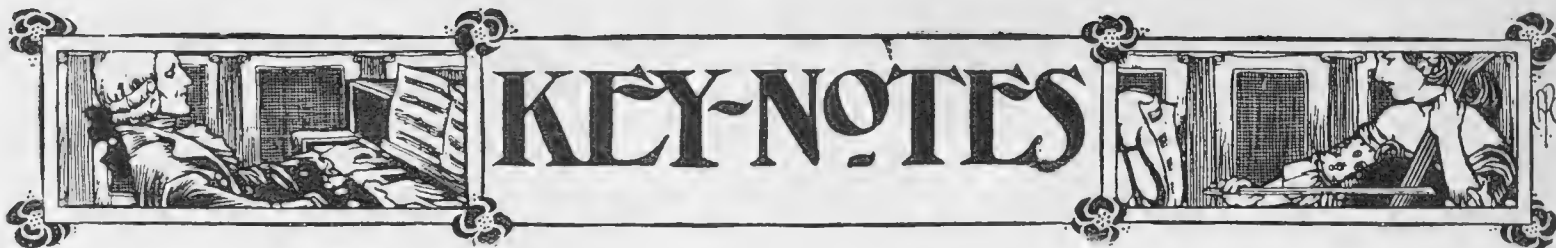
Chatsworth's Learned Lady.

The new Duke of Devonshire inherits, among other desirable possessions, one of the finest libraries in existence. Possibly he will not soon be able to say, as Gladstone was wont to boast, that he has handled and placed every book in his possession; but he may rest content with the knowledge that his treasures are in the keeping of one of the most gifted librarians living. That librarian is a lady—Mrs. Arthur Strong, Litt.D. As Miss Eugenie Sellers she made her name as a lecturer on Greek and Roman Art at the British Museum and South Kensington. She had already done famously at Girton, where she gained, but of course could not take, honours in the Classical Tripos. Her fame in due course reached the Continent, and she was called to Rome to lecture to lovers of art in the Eternal City. She married Mr. Arthur Strong, who, before he went to Chatsworth, was Librarian of the House of Lords. At his death she was appointed to succeed him as librarian at Chatsworth.



A PROMINENT MEMBER OF "THE BANKING NOBILITY":
MRS. CARL MEYER.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



MISS MAY HARRISON'S first recital confirmed the verdict passed upon her playing at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert. It showed her strength and her weakness, the pleasant sincerity of her work, her growing capacity to interpret masterpieces as well as to play them. Ten or fifteen years ago such a measure of mastery as hers over the violin would have been acclaimed in terms of unlimited praise, and if she were testing her artistic strength against that of friendly rivals of her own nation, she would have little to fear from comparison even to-day. But times have changed; free trade in music brings the greatest performers of the Continent to our midst. All who have a remarkable talent are welcomed to these shores, and if they lack the means to continue their studies or to support themselves during their period of probation, there are generous amateurs and music-lovers to lend deserving cases a helping hand. Consequently, we have youthful talent that is nearly akin to genius on all sides, and the English player is heavily handicapped because so many children in Russia, Austro-Hungary, and Germany take to music as a duck takes to water, and can express themselves in terms of music almost as readily as an educated man expresses himself in words.

On this account, a dispassionate criticism of Miss Harrison's playing might seem to damn it with faint praise, although it was intended to convey appreciation and admiration. The young violinist has mastered a great deal, but she has not sprung upon the concert-platform armed at all points, as Pallas Athene from the brain of Zeus, or even Mischa Elman from the class-room of Professor Auer. She does not always read the inner meaning of the work she presents, and there are moments when a nicely balanced ear cannot accept her intonation. At the same time, she is an artist of considerable accomplishment and still greater promise, who, if she will continue to work hard, and will limit her appearances on the concert-platform for the next few years, will take rank among the really great players.

Mr. Cyril Scott, who gave a concert at the Bechstein Hall last week, and devoted it entirely to his own compositions, is a young man with a following. He plays the piano very pleasantly, he composes assiduously, and he breaks away from the established conventions of composition with all the enthusiasm of youth. Nowadays there is an audience for every form of musical eccentricity; the public that goes to concerts is so determined not to entertain an angel unawares that it regards the abnormal as a sign of the angelic, and is delighted to applaud unresolved discords, consecutive fifths, recondite modulations, and every evidence of a profound contempt for the key signature. Mr. Scott is wise in his generation, and answers—amateurs in accordance with their folly. If his music could be sub-edited by somebody who respects

the laws of composition it would resolve itself into a series of pretty pieces often written with ingenuity, taste, and feeling. The songs would be specially successful, for they have very many of the qualities that commend themselves to the sturdy patrons of ballad concerts; we remain sentimental and unashamed. Incidentally, the sub-editing referred to would make the songs more suitable to the voice, and would probably keep the singers' voices from going astray; but, of course, Mr. Scott must be his own critic, and there seems no reason why he should not ignore theory if he pleases.

There is, however, one point of serious objection to his present method—it cannot be heard to advantage for a couple of hours on end. After half an hour one suspects, in an hour one is assured, that all the composer's originality lies in treatment that some of us must regard as uncouth. What he has to say is not very fresh; the inspiration he has received from M. Claude Debussy is a little too obvious, and his effects are obtained not from what the music tells, but from the way it is told. We do not find that he has a new message to deliver, rather that he is saying much that has been said before, in a fashion that appeals to him. If the themes could be said to gain from this novel treatment there would be no reason to complain; but they do not. Every generation enlarges the boundaries of music, and the work of those who were held to be greatly daring in the last decades of the old century holds no surprises for us now. But frankly, we do not think that Mr. Cyril Scott is going to inaugurate a new era in music. He is merely distorting a very charming and rather commonplace gift. Happily, Time is on his side.

Under the sane and sober direction of Dr. W. H. Cummings, the victor in the recent hard-fought musical libel case, the Guildhall School of Music is doing very good work in raising the amateur standard and strengthening the professional standard in English music. One generation is apt to begin where its predecessor left off where music is concerned, and the great establishment of the City Fathers is doing work that should add very considerably to the musical equipment of London. When we think of the times when anybody who could strum a waltz, misinterpret any movement from a well-known sonata, or write a fairly correct bass, was thought good enough to teach children the practice and theory of music, the work of the Guildhall School can be best appreciated. A movement is on foot to recognise Dr. Cummings' recent valuable fight on behalf of those who cannot judge for themselves in matters of musical training. It deserves to meet with all success, for the defendant in a libel action, even if he be quite successful, must needs be very much out of pocket. Mr. Bumble may have been right when he said that the Law is an Ass; if so, it is a Golden Ass, gilded by plaintiffs and defendants alike.

COMMON CHORD.



A PIANIST WHO HAS JUST MADE HIS DÉBUT IN LONDON: MR. FREDERIC BRANDON.

Mr. Brandon was announced to give a piano-forte recital at the Aeolian Hall yesterday (Tuesday) evening. He is a Liverpool man, and studied at Leipsic under Professors Risenhaur and Pambaur.

But frankly, we do not think that Mr. Cyril Scott is going to inaugurate a new era in music.



DAUGHTERS OF MR. LESLIE STUART: THE MISSES DOLLY, LOLA, AND MAY BARRETT.

Mr. Leslie Stuart, whose real name is T. A. Barrett, is best known as composer of "Florodora," "The Silver Slipper," "The School-Girl," "The Belle of Mayfair," and such popular songs as "Soldiers of the Queen," "Little Dolly Day-Dream," "I May be Crazy," and "The Lily of Laguna." He was organist to St. John's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Salford, at the age of fifteen, and organist to the Church of the Holy Name Manchester, for seven years.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.



THE ETERNAL DUST QUESTION: A REPORT TO BE READ—A MEAGRE CONFERENCE: HUMIDITY AND THE HOUR RESPONSIBLE—
AN EIGHT-CYLINDER REVERSING PETROL ENGINE—FINE RE-TREADING WORK.

THE dust question we have always with us, though the cure, apart from dustless roads, seems as far away as ever. But much good work was done towards lessening the evil by the careful dust trials carried out by the R.A.C. at Brooklands last year. Now the final report on these trials has been issued, and should be obtained and carefully perused not only by every car-maker and designer, but by every car-owner who desires to become something less of a nuisance to his fellow-users of the road when driving on the public highways. Briefly summarised, the report suggests that high-backed cars, speed, dust-screens, overhanging hoods at the back, are all greater or lesser offenders in the matter of dust-raising. The photographs show that there is an enormous difference between various makes of cars with regard to dust-raising.

If the attendance at the General Conference of Automobilists, called by the Motor Union on the 25th inst. at the Victoria Hall, Hotel Cecil, may be taken as evidence, it would appear that motorists generally prefer the imposition of additional taxation to a wet jacket. The continuous downpour of last Wednesday notwithstanding, one really looked for a meeting numbering more than sixty, which total was not even reached upon the occasion under review. True, the Royal Automobile Club were not in evidence, and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders had resolved not to send representatives, but such abstention does not altogether account for so small a crowd. The day and hour—the hour particularly—were undoubtedly responsible for much absenteeism. A meeting called after 5 p.m. would probably have resulted in a full house.

By means of four cut-and-dried resolutions, the conference expressed their opinion that, while no sufficient reasons could be shown on general principles for any additional taxation of motor vehicles, such taxation, if sanctioned and allocated to the general purposes of revenue instead of to road-improvement, would retard the development of the movement, and should therefore be vigorously opposed. The meeting was further of opinion that the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Local Taxation, to the effect that financial assistance should be afforded local authorities from the State coffers for the purposes of road-improvement, should be given effect

without delay, and moreover, that all revenue derived from the taxation of motor and other vehicles should be paid to and administered by a central department as a grant-in-aid for highway purposes. Finally, the conference came to the conclusion that, considering the great difficulties surrounding the establishment of an equitable basis of motor-taxation, the whole matter should be referred to a departmental committee for report.

The Islington Show, which ran all last week at the Agricultural Hall, proved only a ghost of its former self. But for the exhibits of

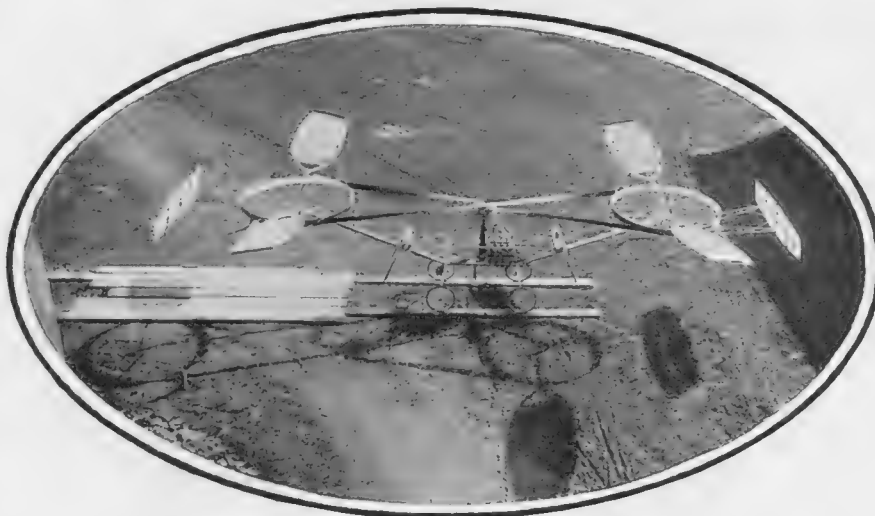
first and second hand cars shown by agents and a big auctioneering firm the exhibition would have presented little interest. Still, for those who had not hitherto enjoyed an opportunity of examining the Belgica, the Rapid, and one or more Italian-built chassis, a visit to the Hall was not time thrown away. The eight-cylinder reversing internal-combustion engine exhibited at a stand in the Gallery seemed to indicate a line of car-engine development fraught with possibilities. Not only are weight and space reduced by the design of this motor, but by the constant torque and power-range, coupled with the possibility of reversing the engine itself, the total elimination of the change-speed gear-box suggests itself.

The car-owner who cares to keep a watchful eye on

his tyre bill should not fail to send his tyres for re-treading while they are still in a condition to profit by the fresh lease of life afforded by a skilfully installed tread. But such jobs should only

be confided to rubber-manufacturing firms of known standing, who not only possess the requisite plant, but whose expert staff have the full knowledge and experience vitally necessary to the satisfactory discharge of such work. The Midland Rubber Company's tyres are so well known and appreciated that they inspire confidence in the repair-work which this firm have successfully carried out for some time past, and some splendid

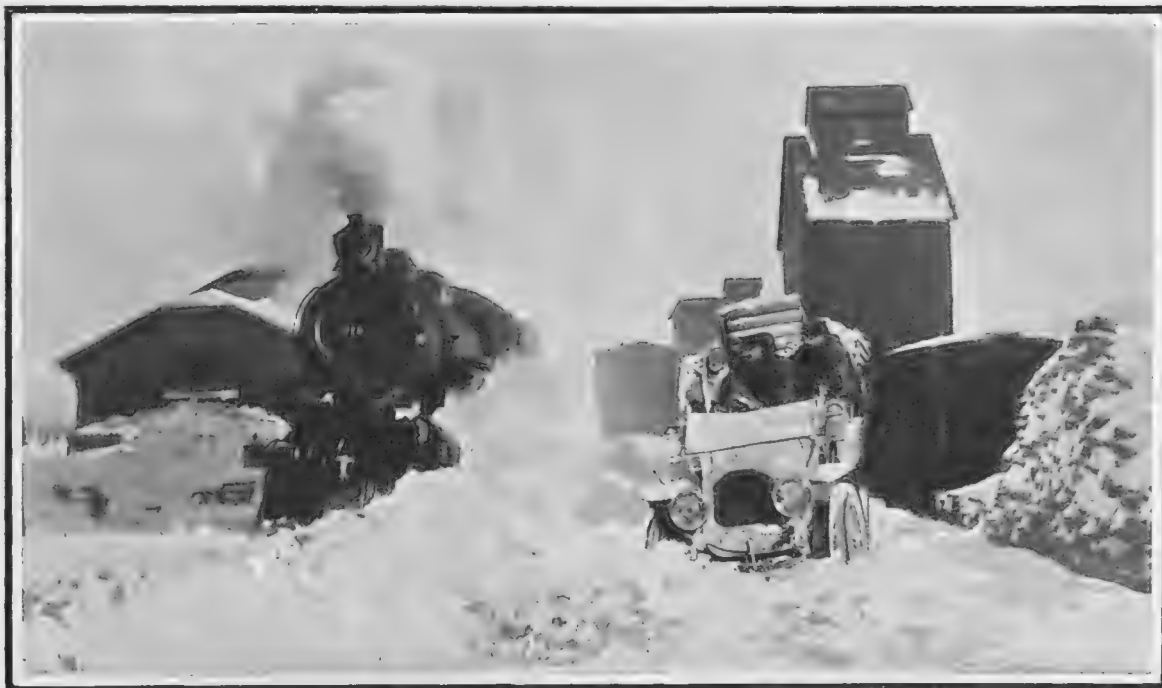
examples of which were exhibited at the Islington Show. The Midland Rubber Company, who date from Ryland Street, Birmingham, also showed a most ingenious, simple, and secure form of detachable rim known as the "Ajax." The fingers only are required for mounting and dismounting.



THE AUTOMOBILE OF THE AIR: THE NEWEST FORM OF FLYING-MACHINE.

The contrivance is the invention of M. Paul Cornu. Its framework is twenty feet long, and is strengthened by means of struts. In the centre are the aeronaut's seat and an Antoinette motor of the latest form. It is driven by two screws, one fixed at either end of the frame. The movement of the machine and the direction it has to take are regulated by planes fixed before and behind the frame, and immediately below the screws. These planes are regulated by means of a lever worked by the aeronaut. The total weight of the apparatus, including the inventor, is 585 lb.

Photograph by Rol and Co.



MAKE WAY FOR THE EXPRESS: A MOTOR-CAR DRIVEN INTO THE SNOW, THAT A TRAIN MAY PASS IT.

The roads of Indiana were so deep in snow when certain of the competitors in the New York to Paris Race had to pass through the State recently that the drivers preferred to take their cars along the railroad track. When a train arrived the motor-cars were driven into the snow, that it might pass them.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE JUBILEE STAKES—BETTING—GOSSIP.

ONE of the most popular races of the year is that for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton. This year the contest will take place on Saturday, May 16, and although only thirty-four horses are left in, it is safe to predict that the field will number nearly a score, as the betting is certain to be good. At present I like the chance of Galvani, who is one of the handsomest horses in training, and in my opinion he should have won last year's Derby easily. Probably, however, he was not at his best that day. Malua, who ran such a close second to Land League in the Cambridgeshire, is another that should not want for backers. Dinneford is said to be very fit and well, and he would be backed if saved for this event; but I think he will run for, and very nearly win, the City and Suburban, as the Epsom course may be better suited to his action. If Stick Up represents Taylor in the race he should run well, and with Trigg in the saddle he is certain to get away smartly. Brewer is represented by All Black and Linacre, and either would be good enough to back if fit and well on the day. The street-corner tip is Menu, who brought off long shots at Brighton and Liverpool last year. This horse is very fast, but is said to be a bit unreliable at home at any time. Taking all in all, the race should be one of the best of the season, and the winner may, after all, take some finding. By the lamented death of the Duke of Devonshire the nominations of Marcovil and Acclaim become void. The late Duke was very fond of Kempton. He was, indeed, a model sportsman.

One result of the Betting Bill is that scores of commission agents have transferred their business from London to the Continent; where they drive a roaring trade through the post. It may not be generally known that at one or two of the Continental towns the authorities will not allow agents to bet on football matches, but in some towns a big business is done over Cup ties and League matches. The Continental men who deal exclusively with horse-racing have their agents always at work in the London clubs doing the hedging business, and thus we see short prices accepted about animals that have been coupled in double-event wagers. When Ballantrae won the Cambridgeshire one Continental firm could not back the mare for love

or money on the day of the race, and the result was they lost £30,000 over their double-event book. The starting-prices are cabled to the Continent after each race, and the principals are thus able to see quickly how they stand. And that reminds me. One or two correspondents agree with my recently expressed opinion that starting prices should represent the state of the odds away from the rails, and should include the prices laid in the cheap rings. It is not generally known that a tremendous amount of business is now carried on in the half-crown enclosure, and the prices are much more liberal than those obtainable on the rails in Tattersall's enclosure. I have even heard of backers being able to get more about a horse in the cheap ring for a place than they were offered against a win in the chief ring.

Never, during an experience covering thirty years, have I read so many misstatements with regard to race-horses and owners as have appeared in the papers during the last two months; and it is safe to say that more corrections have been printed during that time than have been inserted for at least ten years. Enterprise is a good thing in itself, but when reporters get to guessing at news as well as winners the public is apt to suffer. To remedy the evil, editors should only print items received from accredited reporters, and give the unreliable ones a wide berth. I know that some unprincipled owners and trainers consider it to be a fine joke to put the papers away; but, luckily, they do not last long when playing the game, and I, for one, am always pleased when I have heard that they have dropped out. One trainer, who has long since

died, used to delight in sending his horses down to the station, only to take them home again. The touts sent them off on their messages directly they had left their stables, and book-

makers in the North of England used to lay against them on the all-in-run-or-not principle. But the little scheme was soon found out by the owners of sporting papers, and after that the touts never sent away their messages until the train had actually started. Now it is impossible to catch the touts napping, and all-in betting is as dead as the dodo, even in the North-country towns.

CAPTAIN COE.



SEA-SWALLOWS AT HOME: BLACK TERN IN THEIR NESTS

Photograph by Winkelmann.



A GREAT CATCH OF DEEP-SEA FISH: A DAY'S HAUL OF KING-FISH, TAKEN BY TROLLING IN BISCAIYNE BAY, FLORIDA.

Photograph by Chamberlain.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Wise Child and His Own Father.

Mr. H. G. Wells expounded a new view of Socialism the other night to a distinguished company at the Lyceum Club. He demonstrated to a nicety how futile it is to "found a family," when, nine times out of ten, a man's children do not resemble him at all, but "take after" his brothers or his wife's relations, and how, after a lapse of three or four generations, there is but a fraction of a trace of that man in his lineal descendants. These alarming biological facts should certainly put an end to snobbish ambitions and selfish aspirations. According to Mr. Wells, the children of the State belong to us because, after the lapse of a thousand years, we shall be related to every individual in the entire population. The Scots are notorious for having a plenitude of cousins, but the kinship of the clans is as nothing compared to this new view of relationship conjured up by the author of "Love and Mr. Lewisham." A man's children, according to this theory, are not his, but patchwork creatures, made up, like a "crazy quilt," of a thousand vague ancestors; so that it is an exceptionally wise infant that knows how to assume the features and idiosyncrasies of its registered parents.

"Unrelenting Gratitude."

A book of recent memoirs publishes a witty *mot* of Kinglake's which leaves one "furiously thinking." One day when "Eothen" was sitting in the Athenæum Club, there entered to him a young man of his acquaintance in a highly perturbed state of mind. His tale was that he had been calling on a handsome widow of a certain age, and that he had been impelled, for some reason which he could not explain, to kiss her. The lady, it appears, flew into a temper, declared herself insulted, and ordered him out of her house. "What do you think she will do?" inquired the impulsive young man in despair. And Kinglake replied: "Beware! she will pursue you through life with her unrelenting gratitude!" There is more truth in this jest than appears at the first blush. The estimable people who pursue you with their gratitude are often more actively annoying than those who follow you with their animosity. There are individuals who cannot forget the most trifling service you may have rendered them in a remote past, nor an unexpected invitation which you sent them to an entertainment of long ago. These facts are forced on you on the most unlikely occasions, and you end by feeling that you will have to cut the beneficee dead in order to put an end to the superfluous and never-ceasing thanks.

Though Americans declare that London hostesses are stiff and unapproachable, there is a certain amount of polishing up of the Society smile to be done in the weeks preceding the season. A hostess who has

not got her facial expression in order before Easter will find the task of prolonged amiability irksome when May and June, with their endless round of parties, are with us. There is no necessity for a hostess to be enthusiastic or effusive in speech, but etiquette demands that she shall not look bored to tears or obviously surprised when you arrive, by fair means or foul,

at the top of her staircase. The next few weeks will witness the preliminary canter for the Season's Stakes, and it is now that the two-year-olds, so to speak, may make an unobtrusive bid for public favour. It is notorious that late June and the half of July belong by right to the queens of Society, the veterans of the polite world, and woe to the newcomer who dares venture to take one of the ambrosial nights which lie between Ascot and Goodwood. It is whispered that certain great ladies take a malicious pleasure in "dishing" each other's entertainments by entering late in the field and capturing each other's treasured guests, just as the Tories used to pass Reform measures in order to "dish the Whigs." This may be malicious gossip, but the fact remains that the prudent party-giver has already begun to exercise her smile, and will avoid unfair competition later on in the tumult of the London season.

Penalties of Notoriety in the States.

If an American—male or female—is in any way distinguished from the ruck, the land of his birth is about the most unpleasant spot on earth in which to carry on even an innocent romance, or to embark on the perilous cruise of matrimony. American millionaires, of either sex, who choose to become engaged to a royal Prince, a factory-girl, an English Duke, or an actress, are at once the object of the perfervid interest of some seventy millions of their compatriots. Henceforth—until their honeymoon is well over—they know neither peace nor dignity, neither privacy nor repose. The seventy millions want to know every morning, and all day long, just what the interesting couple is about. Does the bridegroom-elect give a dinner, take a motor-drive, or buy a new hat, a special edition of the evening paper

will be brought out to celebrate the event; nor will a gaping world be left in ignorance of the number of slippers in the bride's trousseau, or that she has decided to turn up her back hair in a new fashion. Reporters dog their footsteps just as detectives watch dangerous criminals, while their private jokes and their much-photographed features are in every newspaper on that vast continent. "Pity the poor bride and bridegroom," must be the cry of every sensible American in face of these journalistic indiscretions and this inane public curiosity.



AN AFTERNOON DRESS IN PERVENCHE-BLUE CLOTH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THIS is to be a month of weddings that will interest the great world. That on Saturday of Viscount Errington is of chief moment, because of the great positions of Lords Cromer and Minto, the fathers of the bridegroom and bride respectively. The bridegroom's mother died ten years ago. She was a lady of mark, and for twenty-two years was the constant companion and helpmeet of her distinguished husband. He was advanced from Baron Cromer to a Viscountcy three months after her death, and at once chose her maiden name of Errington for his new title—that now held, by courtesy, by her elder son. Lady Cromer was the daughter and co-heiress of the late Sir J. Stanley Massey Errington, twelfth and last baronet of his line. Her mother, a daughter of Baron de Talleyrand, went back to France when she was widowed, and took the Villa L'Estret at Cannes. The present Lady Cromer, tall, fair, and very handsome, is sister of the Marquess of Bath. Lady Minto, the bride's mother, a dainty and charming-looking woman, is a fine sportswoman, has bagged a hundred duck in a few hours in Canada, killed her salmon, camped out, been up to Klondyke and panned gold, skates, skis, and sails an ice-boat. In India, when time has permitted and opportunity offered, she has hunted and shot. In Society and as a hostess she excels, and like her sister, Lady Antrim—who has a position in the Queen's Household—she is a great favourite at Court.

This is an era of youthful faces, and the youngest-looking members of our sex are those who live in London, are in the very van of Society, and spare themselves not at all. Why is it? Well, partly because there dwells in London town a magician—I would say a witch, only that the title can be misunderstood: these are witcheries of the all-beguiling order. Often when women of wit and beauty are gathered together, you will hear them discussing their visits to this high priestess of the goddess of comeliness—how it is difficult to secure an interview with her, how she rates them when they don't do what they are told, and how she is the dearest, cleverest thing in all the world, and what they all owe to her. I was roused to rabid curiosity by hearing a very small and select circle of beauties so talking at a recent smart assemblage. At last the name dropped out, and I found the friend of smart womankind was no other than the lady who has been known for years as an expert in making and preserving good looks, and whose clients increased so greatly that at last she was induced to supply her famous remedies to the Cyclax Company, in South Molton Street, and even to attend there to give directions in certain cases.

After a spirited wrestle by telephone, I managed to secure an

appointment. The face of the priestess of comeliness at once gave me confidence that her office was a real affair. No four-year-old child could

have displayed a more beautiful skin—never a wrinkle, never a blemish, finer than a peach, and as velvety. I was assured, too, that she was not yet recovered from an illness, and was courteously asked to be brief. "Oh, no; I don't allow myself to look ill," in answer to a remark of mine, made me suggest will-power. "Dear me, no!—commonsense and cleanliness." Much abashed, because I had believed that I was clean and sensible, if not comely, I heard that skin which was submitted to contact with the air at all kinds of temperature and in all conditions needed treatment to assist Nature to keep it right. Furthermore, I learned that muscles had to be coaxed in right directions to preserve contours, that paint and salves and coatings of any kind were anathema, and so I built up faith on confidence, and believe that this delightful restorer of good looks on the wane will give me back my woman's pleasure in those beneficent gifts of Nature which I have in ignorance maltreated.

An excellent object-lesson in the fashions to be are the dresses worn in "Jack Straw" at the Vaudeville. They are each one just what ladies would like to wear in real life. Miss Vane Featherston has a silver charmeuse gown in the first act, which is magnificently embroidered in metal threads in every shade of silver. It is a gown of rare distinction and great originality. Worn after dinner, the jewels are diamonds and cabochon sapphires, and there is a wonderful hair-ornament in silver and sapphire-blue feathers. Miss Lottie Venne's most effective dress is that for her own garden-party in the second act. It is of Rose du Barri soft satin, and falls over a full, wide underskirt of soft white silk, with medallions of raised embroidery in pale pink, blue, silver, and gold round the hem. There are lines on the over-dress, in Louis Quinze style, of gold tissue, inserted between narrow ruchings of moss-green satin. These, carried down the front, give length.

This month of weddings afternoon dresses will be needed. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of one made in Pervenche-blue cloth of the newest and supplest kind. The lace on the bodice and sleeves is dyed to match the dress. The folds in front are caught with buttons and oxydised tassels. The large chip

hat is of darker blue than the dress, and is trimmed with ostrich-feathers shaded to correspond.

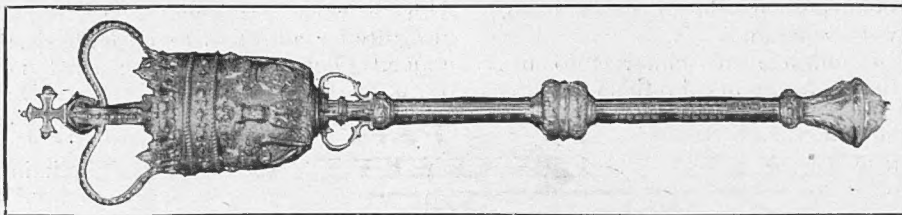
Some friends of mine are deep in the interest of furnishing a weekend cottage, a real old one in a rural village about nineteen miles from Westminster. They took me down in their motor to see it, and I was enchanted. They might have been hundreds of miles from the Metropolis, and could have been no more charmingly and rurally surrounded, while the cottage was a dear thing. They have furnished with English-made things from kitchen to attic. I fell most in love with their carpets: a russet-and-green one in their oak-panelled hall, a yellow-and-brown one in their sunny parlour, a peacock-blue-and-black stair-carpet on the oak stairs, and a cheery crimson-and-rose-red covering for the living-room, while the passages were laid with Isis rush matting. Every one of these, as well as the delightful squares in the bed-rooms came from the Abingdon Carpet Manufacturing Company. My friend knew them of old—cord carpets, kaidu carpets, Thames and cottage carpets—and knew how splendidly they wear, and how moderate in price. I could see for myself how beautiful the colours were. There are all sorts of designs to choose from, some bordered and some plain. I must say that I felt proud of English work when I saw them. They looked so thoroughly sound and good, and they are so artistic.

If anyone wants a really enjoyable treatment for the reduction of too, too solid flesh—or rather, of flabby and superfluous fat, not to put too fine a point on it—let me suggest Kalari biscuits,

from Cal-lard's, 74, Regent Street. They are so nice, crisp, and pleasant, and are made from casein and vegetable albumen. Many people conscientiously

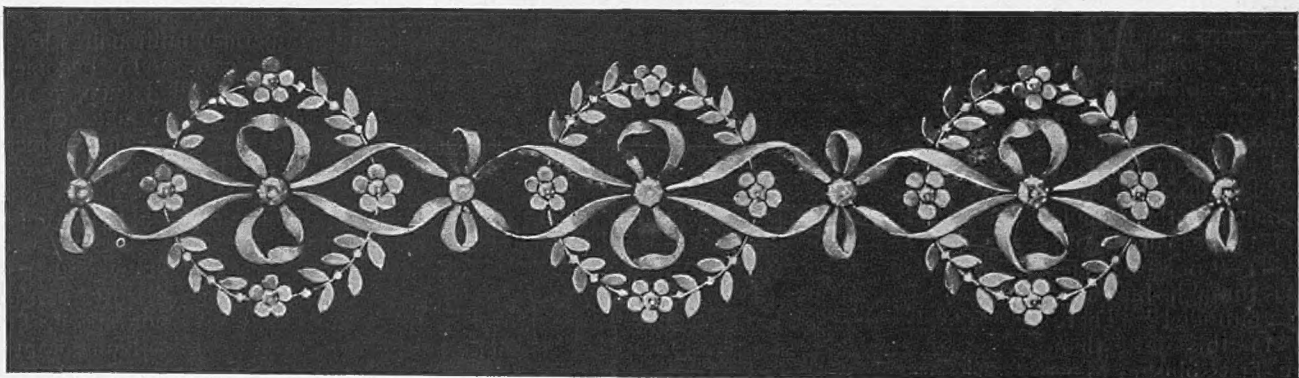
eat toast, and wonder why they fail to keep even as they were when they began, the truth being that toast is no help at all. Kalari biscuits keep quite in condition in any climate for several months; they are starchless, sugarless, and nutritious. Used instead of bread at every meal for five weeks, they effect a decided lessening of weight and access of health and spirits. They are put up in boxes at 2s. 6d. each, or a set of nine, sufficient for a short course, at 20s.

Those who possess a Pianola, or are interested in that remarkable and ingenious invention, will no doubt be glad to hear of the publication of "The Pianolist," by Gustav Kobbé. It has just been issued by Sidney Appleton. The object of the work is to tell the pianola-player in untechnical language something of the art of music. At the end of the volume are some valuable "don'ts" for pianolists.



A MACE FOR SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR.

A presentation was recently made at St. Bride's Institute to the late Lord Mayor, Sir William Purdie Treloar, of a magnificent silver mace, heavily gilded, the model of the ancient mace of the parish of St. Bride's, the order for which was entrusted to Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., 62-64, Ludgate Hill, E.C. It bears the following inscription: "Presented to the Right Honourable Sir William Purdie Treloar, Baronet, Lord Mayor 1906-1907. From inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without and Friends. In recognition of a great Mayoralty, and in token of the affectionate regard of many.—November, 1907."



A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE NEW LOUIS COLLAR IN DIAMONDS, MADE BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April the 8th.

YANKEES.

FROM what we read in the letters of private correspondents writing from Wall Street, it seems evident that the last jump in Yankees rather took New York by surprise. Perhaps it was intended that it should. People had been saying in Wall Street that there could be no possibility of animation while the Presidential Election and the crops were matters so "wropt in mystery." Those people reckoned without their Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, without the Union Pacific bond issue, and one or two other little factors like that. Mr. Thomas W. Lawson had to make a demonstration in order to give his precious Yukon Gold a good send off. Mr. Harriman would have been somebody else had he not helped to parade prices as particularly strong on the eve of bringing out a first deluge of new Union Pacific bonds. Well, the market may improve—quite possibly it will. Conditions are settling down in the United States, and if only some of the Railroads don't settle down into receivers' hands, we think the market has a good chance of a run up. But not for long.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Just at present the only blues we know in the Stock Exchange are those of the two 'Varsities, because our own particular Blues have most politely dissolved themselves into a colour more approaching pink. In spite of the present Hated Government—confiscatory, dishonest, false, Socialistic, and whatever else you may choose to call it—things are at last beginning to Look Up. That they will look down again before very long we hardly dare to deny, but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Let us make the most of the rises whilst we may.

Cheap money, I've been hammering into you—literally, I trust?—is going to lift investment prices considerably higher before they stop. Oh, yes; a temporary check now and then is inevitable. We shall get an L.C.C. loan pretty soon, and other issues that will occasionally depress gilt-edged stocks for a bit; but one can't help thinking that the rise has not gone more than half-way yet. An excellent exchange, by the way, is to sell the L.C.C. $3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. stock and buy the New South Wales new scrip. The former stands about 102 $\frac{1}{2}$; the latter, fully paid, can be bought about 99 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Another cheap investment is the new 4 per cent. issue of the Grand Trunk Pacific, guaranteed by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Better value for the money, the price being 1 discount at 93 $\frac{1}{2}$, it would be difficult to find. The price will rise three or four points, in times of more confidence, as sure as fate. I use the expression in its ordinary sense, although anything more speculative than one's fate, even if unmarried, there are few things. This, however, by the way.

In well-informed circles I hear that the Mexican Railway dividend is likely to be a disappointment. I lay no claim to inside information on the point, but all I can say is that if the stocks slump upon the declaration, it will be right to buy them. Financial affairs in Mexico are, according to the local newspapers, somewhat "difficult," but there are good men at the head of affairs, and the embarrassments are not likely to affect Mexico either long or seriously.

The directors of a certain Company, who were by no means above gambling in the stocks of their undertaking, met to decide what dividend should be declared. They knew perfectly well the market estimates, and determined to be generous to the proprietors and announce the dividend at the generally expected rate. No sooner had this been decided than one of the Board jumped up rather abruptly, made a hurried excuse as to having another appointment, and took a hasty departure. His confrères at first smiled. Then one of them suggested that perhaps this fund wanted strengthening a little more; another proposed that that fund ought to be increased; a third considered the carry-forward was a trifle scanty. So they made a few rearrangements, and reduced their previously agreed dividend by—so much per cent. And certain stocks accordingly fell by points on the announcement.

You can believe it or not, as you please. But—

One firm of jobbers, with whose affairs I happen to be conversant, have made a little over four thousand pounds for the first quarter of the present year. It is obvious that they are not the only ones. This result is arrived at on the figures of jobbing only, not allowing for the profit on the "book." The big brokers are, perhaps, less happy in their experiences than the big jobbers; the brokers complain that orders are nowadays so small. But if jobbers can make money such as I have quoted, it stands to reason that some of the brokers are doing well too.

Competition nowadays between brokers is so keen that the "intermediate" jobber is being pushed more and more out of the market, and the tendency is for the "shops" to attract the greater part of the business. In the old days, if a broker got an order in 500 Chartered, it was quite usual for him to go to a friend, certainly in the market, but a man who did not run a book, and deal with him at a margin which gave the jobber a profit on the price quoted him by the "shop." But in these times the broker is compelled by stress of competition to deal so finely that he has no choice except to go direct to the "shop," however greatly he may dislike the individual, however greatly he may desire still to give that friend of his a turn. If he does not sell for the topmost three-farthings, or buy at the lowest sixty-fourth, he may receive no more orders from the people for whom he is dealing, and therefore the hapless intermediary gets left out in the cold. Is it any wonder, then, that the latter protests against the modern conditions? Is it any wonder that he combines and elects a new Stock Exchange Committee pledged to carry out reforms that it is the cherished hope of the promoters will restore business to the House, and, above all, to the intermediary? Of any practical use? Not an atom. I speak as a Reformer, and a profound sceptic.

The other day certain brokers had an order to buy Railway stock, in which the market is a narrow one. Unable to obtain it at what they considered was a fair price, they went to an outside house and bought it more cheaply. The dealers got to know about it, and promptly haled the firm before the Committee, alleging that the stock could have been procured more cheaply in the market. The Committee went into the case with thoroughness. Their verdict was that the brokers could not have bought the stock in the market as cheaply as they did outside, that they were right to deal outside, and that the client's interests were served by the action of the firm.

Very uncalled for of the Brewery market to remain so torpid after the Peckhermerlektion, isn't it? The stocks of the principal companies—I beg your pardon? Closing time? Do I expect to run on for fourteen years?—And that, dear my Reader, is the confiscatory way in which they treat the unpoetic license of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE NITRATE POSITION.

So many of our readers are interested in Nitrate shares that we may be excused for saying a few words upon the present position of the industry. The shrinkage in value which has taken place in nearly all the shares naturally causes considerable anxiety, increased by all sorts of alarmist rumours diligently circulated. The facts, however, are not as discouraging as they are alleged to be. The Chilean Republic has been suffering from a severe financial crisis, strikes have taken place, and troubles in Hamburg have assisted towards the accumulation of stocks. The American panic and its aftermath have partially stopped the United States demand and, what is worse, cut off the financial facilities of many exporters, so that forced sales have been unavoidable, and the February figures show a large increase. On the other hand, the world's normal demand steadily increases, the stocks of impecunious holders (especially in Germany) will soon be absorbed, and the weak producers must go to the wall, while the set-back is pretty certain to make a further renewal of the Combination assured. On the whole, we believe the strong Companies—such as the Liverpool, the Colorado, the Rosario, and the like—are doing well, and we shall be surprised if these and the other sound and well-organised Companies do not make a very good showing for the current financial year. *Saturday, March 28, 1908.*

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. P.—The mine has not done so well of late, as the ore seems of lower grade. We should sell, and reinvest in Mysore.

CAIRO.—Egyptian Land Companies are rather depressed just now. It is very difficult for us to advise, as we do not know the real state of affairs in the country. If the financial crisis is over, land, with other things, will rise, and the shares of your companies with it; but if matters are going from bad to worse, it will be the other way. You ought to know better than we do the real position in Egypt.

A. R. C.—The Johannesburg 4 per cent. Loan is perfectly safe; we should judge it as not quite equal to the Natal towns you mention, but only because Natal is English-governed and Johannesburg is Boer-governed.

H. M. W.—The question is one on which legal opinion should be taken. As the bonds change hands on the Continent, it is not usual to stamp them here, and the Act only says the duty is payable in case of transfer here.

E. G. P.—Who knows what is going to happen in the Transvaal in four or five years? If we were sure of the Boer Government not injuring the mining industry, we should agree with you.

I. L. S. E.—There does not seem any chance of realising the Mortgage and Agency shares in the near future. The position in Australia has certainly improved during the last two years, and in the end you may get something, but it will be a long process.

X. Y. Z.—The following should suit you:—(1) Investment Trust Deferred, (2) Cuba Gold Bonds, (3) Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary stock, (4) Newcastle-on-Tyne Electric Supply Company Preference, (5) Foreign, American, and General Investments Trust Deferred. As to Measures Brothers, we really have no reliable information. It does not look particularly well.

OASIS.—The shares are cheap because it is doubtful if the Company can get through without a reconstruction. It all depends on the returns of the next two or three months.

BUYER.—It does not matter which series you buy. We think well of the 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ and the 5 per cent. stocks.

BIRMINGHAM.—(1) No. (3) We should not think so. (4) We will make inquiries. Have no dealings with these people, and put their papers in the waste-paper basket.

L. E. F.—(1) We think well of El Oro. (2) These shares have gone down with the smash of the Diamond market. The principal asset is a big holding in Premiers, and the future value depends on whether this asset recovers or not. (3) The market price of Esperanza is about 2s. or 3s. above the actual profits in sight.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Gatwick, Boulter's Lock should win the Spring Plate and Persinus may capture the Alexandra Handicap. For the Prince's Handicap, I like Yellow Peril. I think the Granby Handicap, at Croxton, may be won by San Martino, and the Croxton Park Stakes by Jolly Jenny filly. The Victoria Plate, at Lingfield, may be won by Forerunner II., and the Spring Foal Stakes by Ute. There should be good sport at Newbury, when some of the following may go close: Greenham Stakes, Prospector; Berkshire Handicap, Bayar; Chieveley Handicap, Aunt Fanny; Beckhampton Plate, Caspian; Newbury Spring Cup, Longcroft.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The House of the Lost Court." By the Marchioness D'Alpens. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—"The Heart of a Child." By Frank Danby. (Hutchinson.)—"The Metropolis." By Upton Sinclair. (Arnold.)

AN it be true that to be successful the modern writer of fiction must appeal primarily to woman, the Marchioness D'Alpens should prepare to take precedence over those of her craft who are content to be academic rather than popular. Her novel is essentially one that will please Madame, though Monsieur need not disdain it, for it has its mysteries as well as its amours. Who of the sentimental sex could resist that graceful ghost who rowed o' nights, dwelt neither in dungeon deep nor cellar cool, but lingered languorously, a picturesque painter and patrician, in the Lost Court of Queen's Quadrangles, knew many a hidden door, passage, and priest-hole, and was human enough to love and take revenge? See him rescue the fair damsel in distress—

"Let me go!" she exclaimed sharply; but he held her the closer for her struggling.

"Now—now!" he stammered, his blood in his head and heart pounding, as he pressed the slim, resisting figure to him. "Now I shall kiss you till you faint, or tell me I've taught you how to love me. This is the only way with a cold child like you."

She cried out in shame and fear of him as his head bent over hers, but before his lips could touch her face a strange thing had happened. Steel glimmering darkly blue in the moonlight, one of the tall armoured figures by the fireplace stepped out of its place, and a mailed hand fastened on Tillingbourne's shoulder a grip of iron.

"Coward! Let her go!" a voice spoke, issuing through the closed visor.

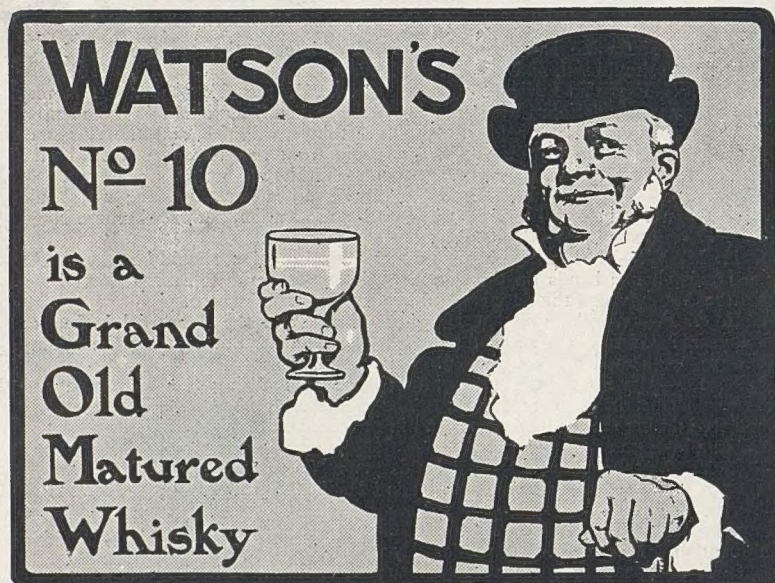
That is but one of many "situations." I choose it, perhaps, not quite fairly, for it suggests a book more melodramatic than "The House of the Lost Court," yet it seems to convey the atmosphere of the work better than anything else. For the rest, it may be said that the story should be read by those who can appreciate a pleasantly written romance that is flamboyant without being florid, something more than improbable, and set in a maze of strange sayings and stranger doings.

Frank Danby's "The Heart of a Child" is frank, but not quite Danbyish. It has less "smartness" and more reality than Mrs. Frankau gave her readers in, say, "Pigs in Clover." In brief, the satirist has become half-sentimentalist, and the result is an excellent book that is more a biography than a novel. The child is Sally Snape, daughter of a drunken dock-labourer, and her career is traced from the days when she dances to a barrel-organ in Angel Gardens, Limehouse, to those that find her Lady

Kidderminster. There are many halting-places on the road along which she makes her progress. At the beginning, she sews trousers for a sweating tailor, then she becomes a "hand" in a jam and pickle factory. She is "out for the day" when she is run down by a car driven by the Lady Dorothea Lytham, and but a little later that proud personage finds herself a philanthropist, and gets Sally an engagement as a mannequin at a famous man milliner's. The girl is not quite a beauty, but she has a superb figure, a wealth of glorious red hair, and wonderful green eyes, added to an imitative faculty that enables her to adapt herself to her surroundings with a speed that is remarkable and valuable. With it all, with all her success, she retains the heart of a child, and it is this that saves her when she goes first on the music-hall, then on the musical comedy, stage, when she is besought to win luxury by losing caste, when she has wedded young Lord Kidderminster. She suffers ordeal by temptation, and is found innocent.

Having tilted at Chicago, Mr. Upton Sinclair now breaks a lance with New York. In this, his second contest, he is, perhaps, not quite so successful as he was in his first: he wins, but not so decidedly. Possibly the new surroundings lessen the victory. The stockyards were comparatively unknown; the follies of a section of moneyed America are too well known. "The Metropolis," indeed, is a compound of vitalised yellow journal stories—it is one long narrative of blatant vulgarity, gross ostentation, callous contempt for everything save the dollar, its almightiness, and the most public way of spending it. If ridicule has still the power to kill, Old Moore will sacrifice a glorious opportunity if he does not prophesy the death of several American millionaires, their families and friends, within the next few weeks. Mr. Sinclair may be congratulated in that the men of the United States are not as free with the "gun" as they were, or someone would be seeing daylight through him before long. The more so that he realises not only the follies, but the misuse of power. Hear him on "The Metropolis"—

It was a city ruled by mighty forces—money forces; great families and fortunes, which had held their sway for generations, and regarded the place, with all its swarming millions, as their birthright. They possessed it utterly—they held it in the hollow of their hands. Railroads and telegraphs and telephones—banks and insurance and trust companies—all these they owned; and the political machines and the legislatures, the courts and the newspapers, the churches and the colleges. And their rule was for plunder; all the streams of profit ran into their coffers. The stranger who came to their city succeeded as he helped them in their purposes, and failed if they could not use him. A great editor or bishop was a man who taught their doctrines; a great statesman was a man who made the laws for them; a great lawyer was one who helped them to outwit the public. Any man who dared to oppose them, they would cast out and trample on, they would slander and ruin.



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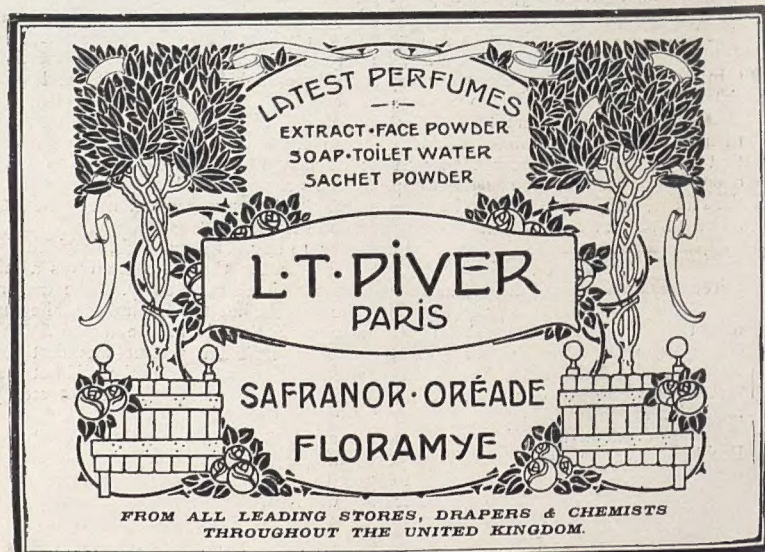
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